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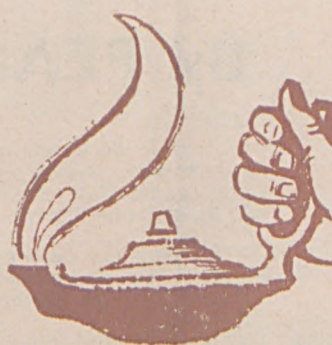
# PEACE NEWS

No. 1,068 December 14, 1956

4d. (U.S. Air Express)  
Edition: 10 cts.)

Christmas

Number



## THE FESTIVAL OF PEACE

By Dr. Donald Soper

**I** WONDER what the western world would think of the Christmas story if it were to hear it for the first time on December 25, this year. Of course, it is an impossible supposition, although the idea does raise all kinds of fascinating speculations for the theologian.

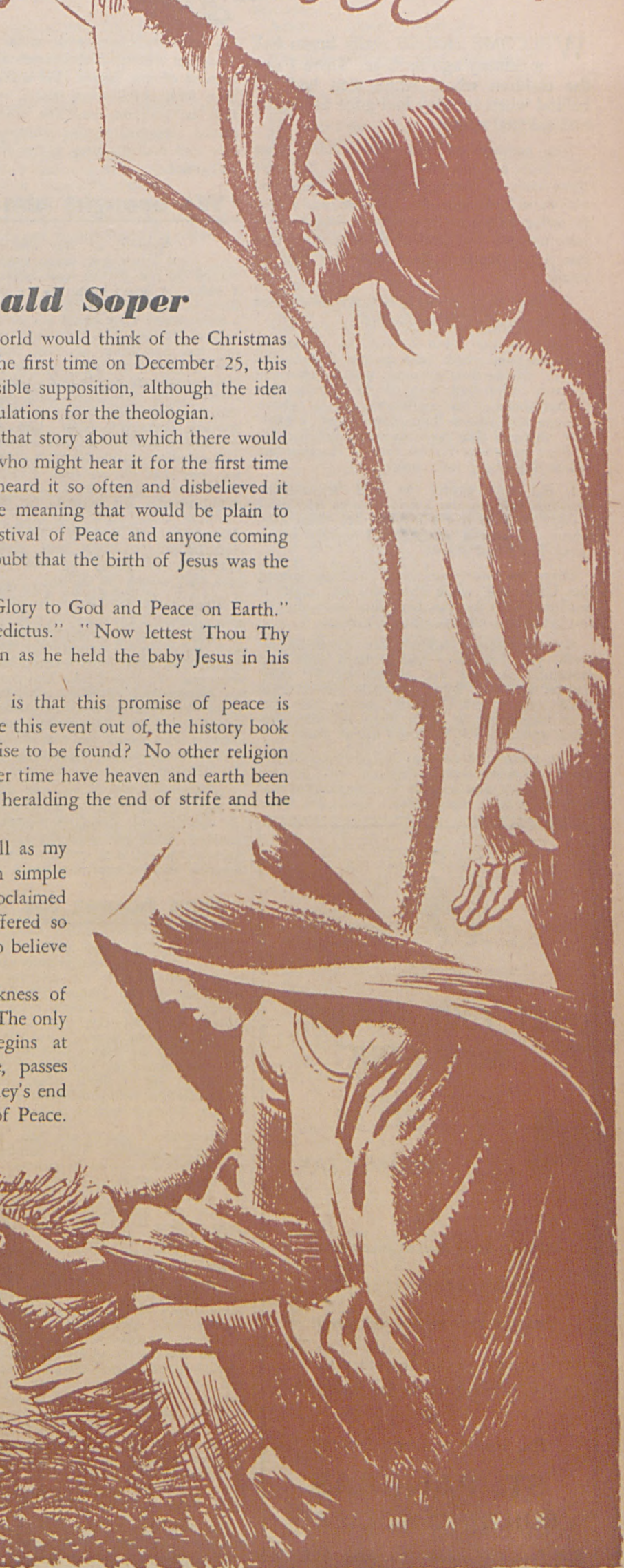
There is, however, one aspect of that story about which there would be no speculation at all among those who might hear it for the first time in 1956. It is only because we have heard it so often and disbelieved it so continuously that we have lost the meaning that would be plain to them. Christmas is supremely the Festival of Peace and anyone coming fresh to Bethlehem would have no doubt that the birth of Jesus was the promise of peace.

That is what the angels sang "Glory to God and Peace on Earth." That was the message of the "Benedictus." "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in Peace" cried Simeon as he held the baby Jesus in his arms.

What is even more remarkable is that this promise of peace is unique. It belongs to Christmas. Take this event out of the history book and where, anywhere else is the promise to be found? No other religion has ever dared to make it. At no other time have heaven and earth been joined and angels and men agreed in heralding the end of strife and the setting up of universal good will.

I wish with all my mind, as well as my heart that Christians would return in simple faith to this central truth that is proclaimed from Bethlehem. The world has suffered so long from the failure of the church to believe its own doctrine.

The world still lies in the darkness of fear and the cynicism of false hopes. The only road to peace is the one that begins at Bethlehem and leads on to Galilee, passes through Calvary, and reaches its journey's end in the Kingdom of Jesus, the Prince of Peace.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. A. V. S.





# THE STORY OF WELCOME HOUSE—finding homes for American-Asian children with nowhere to go

## By PEARL BUCK

Pearl S. Buck was awarded the 1938 Nobel Prize for Literature. Among her outstanding books are *THE GOOD EARTH*, *EAST WIND—WEST WIND*, *DRAGON SEED* and *PAVILION OF WOMEN*. Her home is in Pennsylvania.

In 1955 she became Honorary Chairman of the Fortieth Anniversary Committee of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

**WELCOME HOUSE** really began half a century ago in Asia. There I saw the children whom white men had left behind wherever they had gone as traders and colonial rulers.

The numbers of half-white children were very large and the older the colony the more there were of them. Some of my childhood playmates had been mixed children, and I used to suffer with them even then, because they were unhappy and solitary, since neither white nor Asian accepted them and they had no place.

Yet they were almost invariably children of superior beauty and intelligence.

Later in my teens I went to school in Shanghai and there had as my friends the family of a distinguished white American educator who had married an equally fine Chinese lady. Their children were far above average and yet as their close friend I knew how unhappy they were at heart, not because of their parentage but because of the injustice which their kind must suffer.

I did not expect to find white-Asian children here in the United States and after I came here to live I did not see them anywhere. But seven years ago, I learned something I did not know.

There are American-Asian children here in the USA and while they do not exist in anything like the numbers that they did in the colonial countries, they are here.

Although these children are American by birth, yet they have had a hard time and especially if they are abandoned by their natural parents. Why? Because the average child welfare and adoption agency feels that it is impossible to place them for adoption. Most agencies will not even accept them.

One reason, of course, that they could not place American-Asian children was because of the theory, now happily breaking down, that a child must be placed into a home exactly of

his own religious and racial background. Many an American child remained an orphan because of this theory. Yet surely parents are born with child-loving hearts, whatever their race or religion, and the child should be placed according to the profound theories of love and understanding rather than of colour and creed.

### 'We brought him home'

NONE of this was in my mind, however, seven years ago. It was forced on me in the least expected way—by a baby. A letter came to me one Christmas from a faraway agency, saying that they had a baby whom they could not get adopted. His natural mother was a young American white girl and his father an East Indian. Neither family wanted the baby, although he was of high intelligence. Indeed, the agency considered him the finest child they had ever had and they were reluctant to do what now seemed necessary—place him in a Negro orphanage because he was brown. They had no prejudice against Negroes, they hastened to say, but they did not feel it right to place a child into a situation of prejudices which he might escape, for actually he was Caucasian on both sides. Why had they come to me? They had tried in every state in the union to find people to adopt him, seeking the co-operation of many agencies and all had said they could do nothing.

What did I do? I got on the telephone to every Indian I knew and to everyone interested in India to ask if anybody wanted a fine little half-Indian baby. Nobody did. I consulted my family and they were unanimous in agreeing with me—we would take him ourselves. Once we had him, we could solve his problem somehow. We were too old, my husband and I, to adopt a baby. This baby needed younger parents who would see him through. Besides, one baby would not be hard to place happily, we felt sure.

Within a few days the one baby was two. A half-Chinese baby suddenly had nowhere to go. He was at a hospital deserted by both parents. Well, one might as well be two. No agency wanted him either. We went to the hospital and brought him home.

### New homes for babies

NOW I had really to face the situation. So there were these children in my own country, too, and my country was just like all the others—they did not want them! I love my country with a fierce and jealous love. Nothing that is American is a matter of course to me. I put the Constitution and the Bill of Rights into my spiritual life. The inscription of the Statue of Liberty is sacred to me. I suffer when Americans are mean-spirited and prejudiced and deny their country by un-American traits.

Therefore I could not bear to see these wonderful American-Asian children without a chance for home and happiness. My love for my country could not accept this attitude and my faith in my fellow Americans denied it. Maybe not all Americans could appreciate these babies, but surely some could. I must find the ones who could.

Where better than in my own community? I live in a rural region where the farmers and small town folk are the population. Of late years others have come to belong to our community, too. Yet I went first to the people who have always lived here, the Pennsylvania Dutch, the Mennonites, new and old and the English-blooded Quakers. They are our farmers and our business men. I told them about the babies. I said, "I would like to find these children wherever they are in our country and help them to be adopted. I don't want to set up an institution or an orphanage, for children belong in families. Maybe I can persuade families around here to take one or two. But I don't want to do this unless you want these children in our community."

Our good general storekeeper, a stout Pennsylvania Dutchman, and respected leader in our community, said, "We not only want them—we would be proud to have them." With such endorsement, a fine Pennsylvania Dutch couple, twenty years younger than we

were and much loved in the community, took our two babies. We helped them to move into a big farmhouse, and one by one they took nine American-Asian children varying in age from four months to fifteen years.

It did not go as fast as that, of course. We could never have managed Welcome House, as we call it, so easily had not neighbours helped us. We helped to set up the enlarged household in the big house. Friends gave money, helped to get the house in shape, mended roofs and painted walls and put in the fire escape.

### Renewed faith

I now began to be evident to us that we had to face the problem whole. There were many more than these nine children. We were beginning to get letters asking if we could take more, most of them newborn babies, or babies soon to be born. We sat down, all of us, and decided that we must do a good job. We would set up a real adoption agency for these babies. By that time another of the babies was already in my house. I had been in Chicago on a business trip and while there had been importuned by an agency to take a tiny half-Japanese boy. Why not? By this time I was reckless. I met him at the station where the agency brought him to me and I was enchanted by his instant smile when he saw me. Evidently we had met before, so far as he was concerned. I took him in my arms, and he was my own grandson so far as I was concerned. I kept him for five months before I found his adoptive parents.

This baby was our first adopted baby. How did it happen? Here is the story: I had wondered how to get adoption started in our community. One night I had to make a speech and as I looked over the well-dressed, well-fed audience, I thought to myself, "Surely some young and loving couple here want our baby!" I told the people about our baby and how he was waiting for real parents. The next day a letter came from a young couple. In due time and after due process they adopted him. Somehow after that, it was not hard to find parents for the babies. Now we have a lengthening waiting list. My faith in Americans is renewed with every adoption.

But I am getting ahead of my story again.

### A big job to be done

IF we were going to be an adoptive agency for the placing of American-Asian, we must do it properly. We went to Harrisburg to talk to the Department of Child Welfare and tell them what we wanted to do. They were sympathetic, a fine group of people, but doubtful. Were there really these children? They wanted to look into the reality of the need. They would write to all the State agencies in the United States and find out.

For we were asking for a big job. We wanted a charter which would give us the right to receive children, American-Asian children, from all over the United States and to place them equally widely. Agencies are usually very local, or at best regional.

And that is another fault in our child adoption laws. Many babies do not get adopted because agencies place only in a county or a State and they do not often co-operate, so that if one agency cannot place a child he may stay in a foster home or an orphanage for the rest of his childhood days. He is usually put out into the world, half-educated and ill-prepared, at sixteen or eighteen often, to become a lost person, a juvenile delinquent. I would like to see research done on the relation between juvenile delinquency and the child put out at sixteen or eighteen by orphanages and agencies.

The reply from the agencies everywhere was overwhelming. They could do little or nothing for the American-Asian child and certainly the need was great in terms of such children. They do not exist in extremely large numbers but they are our most needy American children when abandoned by their natural parents. We got our charter.

The next job was to set up a Board of good citizens, able and willing to work. We have had such a Board from the first. Our people are generous and co-

operative, a loyal stouthearted group. Our Board is made up of couples, husbands and wives. Our judges, both in the county and in other places where we have placed children, are wonderful men. My estimation of American local and State courts has risen sky high as a result of working with them. They have been unfailingly just and sympathetic with our children.

Our community is wonderful at heart, the schools are wonderful, too. The superintendents and teachers give their time and their encouragement and their personal interest to children who come to us neglected and far behind in their school work. I give my unalloyed appreciation and gratitude to our public schools.\*

We have had fourteen children in our two permanent families. These are for the most part our older children, who came to us too late for adoption, or to early before our agency was begun.

How do we support Welcome House? We just ask people for money, by mail and face-to-face. The community chest helps. The wonderful women in our community run an excellent thrift shop and turn in a monthly sum which is precious beyond its weight in money, because it represents hours that busy mothers and professional women somehow spare to help in what has become a community adventure. Others help in the office with the mailings.

Our children, with their American blood, have also in their ancestry, Siamese, Guamanian, Chinese, Korean, Indian, and Filipino blood. They are lovely to look at and nearly always above average in intelligence, and the blood of Asia has put into their natures a gentleness which is very lovable indeed.

How are they received in the communities into which they go? Kindly and with love as other children are received! Three times only have we had any report of prejudice, even on a small scale, and we like to have parents tell us when there is prejudice, for it is our duty to help them meet any such problem.

Part of our job, too, is to have our children meet fine people from Asia in order that they may be proud of their ancestry from that part of the globe, and visitors from Asia are frequent and very welcome.

### Looking ahead

ONE of the valuable by-products of Welcome House is something that I never thought of when we began the work. It is the effect that the story is having in Asia. Somehow or other news about Welcome House has gone all over Asia. We have visitors from various countries who want to see the children because they have heard about it. Communist propaganda tells them that Americans hate Asians, and they want to see if we do treat the children with Asian blood as our own. They go away heartened and encouraged.

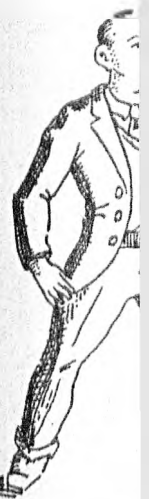
Our hope, of course, is that Welcome House will not need to exist for ever. We hope that all adoption agencies will believe that American-Asian children can be adopted because there are people who want them. Agencies must, of course, be willing to place children with people who want them, whether or not those people "match" in race and religion. Certainly all care must be taken in placing any child, and our agency has social workers who exercise skill. But their criteria are from human sources of experience and common sense to which text book knowledge is helpful but secondary. Older social workers of sense and heart will know what I mean. Already we see the change.

I look forward then to the day when there will be no more need for a special agency to place American-Asian children for adoption, or perhaps we will just exist to be a reference agency, having lists of approved couples who want American-Asian children.

It will be wonderful to see the job finished and no longer needed. It may be a long way off, yet Americans are surprising folk. Once we see the light we can move with amazing speed.

Meanwhile Welcome House carries on.

\*Local Educational Authority Schools in UK. Not equivalent of British public schools—Ed., PN.



Arthur

MR. MARTIAN  
MRS. MARTIAN  
MARTIE MARTIAN  
AUNT MARTIAN  
of Bunk Incorporated  
CAMERA MAN  
TECHNICIAN

MR. EDWARD  
MRS. MANN  
ARTHUR MANN  
POLICEMAN

The Curtain rises  
scape with Flynn  
Martian Wings.

Announcer:

You who have  
Know all about  
In which, I'm  
Leave for the  
Today our story  
The happy home  
And people who  
Are very much  
Except that the  
And have six  
Their language  
Is fortunately  
They learnt it  
To read the story  
Who was, of  
So now you'll  
On Martie, who  
(You'll soon be  
For the best  
By little Martie  
The subject:

Raise the Martie  
in place) to dis-  
and Mrs. Martie  
reading a Martie  
standing proudly  
are all facing rig-  
ter towards the  
got the habit of  
they are

Mr. Martie:  
Geo, Kid, I'll s  
But just can't f  
You say that t  
And how they  
And how they  
And don't, or  
Well, Junior, I  
But I ain't seen

Mrs. Martie:  
Say, Pop, lay o  
Will keep his l  
Now won't you

Martie:  
Why, sure I wi  
But Mom, it's  
Watch the telly  
Aunt Martha  
Said they was  
About this year

Martie crosses to  
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TV Announcer:  
This thrilling c  
Continues on t  
Monsters from  
With equaliser  
Don't miss it!  
Sensational, ba  
This program  
You owe to Bu  
Buy Martie E  
It peps you up  
Bunk with a de  
Bunk is the M

Mr. Martie:  
We don't have  
How come we  
You better get  
Hundred perce

TV Announcer:  
Now, Kiddos,  
Aunt Martha  
Aunt Martha  
The special Bu  
Bunk is the do  
No citizen can

Martie:  
Aw, goodie! S  
My mouth is v

Aunt Martie



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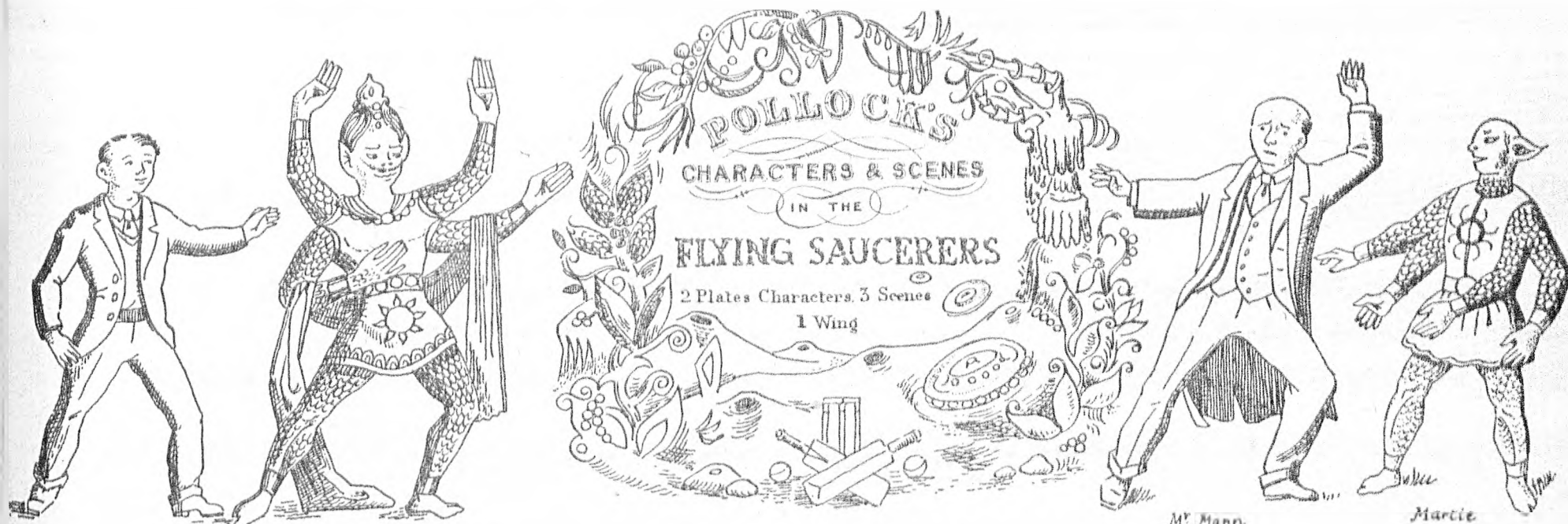
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Arthur

M. Martian

Mr. Mann

Martie

# CHARACTERS MARTIANS:

MR. MARTIAN

MRS. MARTIAN

MARTIE MARTIAN (their son)

AUNT MARTHA, of Martian TV (by courtesy

of Bunk Incorporated)

CAMERA MARTIAN

TECHNICIAN

TV personalities  
EARTHIAN:

MR. EDWARD MANN

MRS. MANN

ARTHUR MANN (their son)

POLICEMAN

Radio Announcers

## SCENE ONE

The Curtain rises to disclose a Martian landscape with Flying Saucers (Scene 1) flanked by Martian Wings. The voice of a radio announcer is heard.

Announcer:

You who have read your comic strips know all about the rocket ships in which, I'm sure, you've often seen us Leave for the Moon, or Mars, or Venus. Today our story starts on Mars, The happy home of chocolate bars, And people who, you will agree, Are very much like you and me, Except that they are hatched from eggs, And have six arms, or maybe legs. Their language, as is widely known, Is fortunately like our own— They learnt it when they first began To read the strips on Superman Who was, of course, American. So now you'll see the curtain rise On Martie, who has won a prize (You'll soon hear what the prize is worth) For the best essay on the Earth By little Martians under ten; The subject: "Are there really Men?"

Raise the Martian Landscape (leaving the wings in place) to discover the Sitting-room of Mr. and Mrs. Martian (Scene 2). Mr. Martian (2) is reading a Martian newspaper. Mrs. Martian is standing proudly beside her son, Martie. They are all facing right, because there is a television set towards the right of the stage, and they have got the habit of looking that way, even when they are not watching anything.

Mr. Martian:

Geo, Kid, I'll say I'm proud you've done it But just can't figure how you won it: You say that there are guys called men And how they're raised on oxygen And how they've only got four legs And don't, or won't, or can't lay eggs. Well, Junior, I guess you're clever But I ain't seen such critters ever.

Mrs. Martian:

Say, Pop, lay off. This cute young kiddo Will keep his Mom when she's a widow— Now won't you, Martie, won't you, now?

Martie:

Why, sure I will, you bet—and how! But Mom, it's Kiddies' Hour! I wanna Watch the telly, and I'm gonna! Aunt Martha and them Science guys Said they was goin' to put us wise About this yar darnation prize.

Martie crosses to television set to switch it on. (Pull tab on Scene 2 to show TV Announcer.)

TV Announcer:

This thrilling drammer, HUMAN HORROR, Continues on the screen tomorrow: Monsters from Terror come in rockets With equalisers in their pockets! Don't miss it! It's unique, stoopendous, Sensational, banal, tremendous! This programme, as already stated, You owe to Bunk Incorporated. Buy Martian Bunk! All Martians read it. It pepes you up—I'll say you need it! Bunk with a difference! Tell your wife Bunk is the Martian Way of Life!

Mr. Martian:

We don't have any in the house— How come we don't, my loving spouse? You better get some Bunk and use it— Hundred percenters always choose it.

TV Announcer:

Now, Kiddos, this historic day, Aunt Martha has a word to say. Aunt Martha has a great surprise The special Bunkum essay prize Bunk is the dope, and don't you doubt it— No citizen can do without it!

Martie:

Aw, goodie! Something nice to eat! My mouth is watering a treat!

Aunt Martha appears on TV Screen.

Aunt Martha:

Helloh, all Martian kids, helloh! The prize, as you already know Was won by Martie Martian.

Martie:

Yep!

I won the prize: I got some pep!

Aunt Martha:

Well, here's the dope: we're gonna send A saucer, so I apprehend To land on Earth and get the gen On whether there are any men; And if there are, whether these critters Are good for clurks or baby-sitters. The distance is, of course, immense, But irregardless of expense Bunk has financed this picnic party And we're invitin' little Martie!

Martie crosses again to the TV set and switches it off.

Martie:

Aw, Pop, jest listen! What a lark!

Mrs. Martian (anxiously):

You must come back before it's dark! If there are men, why, they might meet you— It won't be fun if they should eat you.

Martie:

Say, Mom, these Earth-men ain't so bad I'm certain sure—look after Dad.

As Martie makes for the door, the Curtain falls.

## SCENE TWO

Voice of Introducer:

Meanwhile some humans here below Listen to old steam radio, For (being poor) they can't as yet Afford a television set.

## By Reginald Reynolds

The well-known Peace News contributor, Reginald Reynolds, is the author of the latest play published by Pollock's: "The Massacre of Penny Plain." In the New Year the play reproduced here will also be available to the growing band of toy theatre enthusiasts.

Benjamin Pollock, famous for his "penny plain, twopence coloured" toy theatre cut-outs, was born in the East End of London 100 years ago. Working quietly and steadily at his craft, he ensured that at his death in 1937 a tradition of Regency days survived in the twentieth century.

Today the name, Benjamin Pollock Ltd., appears on plays and cut-outs produced by Marguerite Fawdry with the help of artists and writers at 44 Mounmouth St., London, W.C.2, in the heart of London's theatre-land. (The price, alas, no longer "a penny plain, twopence coloured.")

We are grateful to Benjamin Pollock Ltd. and Reginald Reynolds for making possible this advance publication, and to Robert Cullt for drawing the title piece used above.

So in our Second Act, we see The Manns, an English family. They hold correct and proper views And always listen to The News.

Curtain rises on the Sitting-room of the Manns at Little Thinking (Scene 3) Parlour Wings. It is poor, but very genteel. Mr. Mann is reading his newspaper, Mrs. Mann is knitting and Arthur Mann is walking towards the radio (back, centre) as Mrs. Mann speaks.

Mrs. Mann:

The news, my pet! It's time again— (Two plain, one purl, two purl, one plain...)

BBC Announcer:

A note of protest has been sent To the Australian Government Our Captain was not stumped, but bowled. The Queen has had a serious cold. A flying saucer landed near To Little-Thinking-in-the-Mere. An interview with our Eleven Will be relayed at half past seven On how we lost the Ashes and Can't find them, so we understand.

Arthur switches off radio.

Mr. Mann:

That's serious. The Australian curtain Makes cricket secret and uncertain We must be sure to hear that talk; I feel depressed—I'll take a walk.

Draw Mr. Mann off.

Arthur:

A Flying Saucer! Did you hear? At Little-Thinking-in-the-Mere— That's what he said. What's wrong with Dad?

Mrs. Mann:

The Test Match, dear: he's feeling bad.

Arthur:

It's funny how he gets annoyed. You know, I saw an asteroid—

Mrs. Mann:

Oh, no, dear, you have had them out And tonsils...

Arthur:

Well, I had some doubt And now at last I understand—

I must have seen that saucer land!

Mrs. Mann:

The Saucer? Oh, that thing again— (Two plain, one purl, two purl, one plain...)

Arthur:

But Mum—suppose they came from Mars! I'd love to hear about the stars! They must be hungry. Couldn't we Invite the Martians in to tea?

Mrs. Mann:

Two plain, one purl... Perhaps they're drinking Down at the pub in Little Thinking. (Distant cries off)

What's that? I hear your father shouting! There's nothing like a little outing.

Mr. Mann (outside):

Help! Help! Murder! Help! Police! Mr. Mann (Plate 1) bursts into the room.

Mrs. Mann:

Two plain, one purl... Cease, Edward, cease.

Mr. Mann:

An awful thing has chased me here.

Mrs. Mann:

Edward, you have been drinking beer.

Mr. Mann:

Lock all the doors—they will invade us! Grab furniture to barricade us! There is a knocking at the door.

Mr. Mann:

It's here! The dreadful Thing is here!

Arthur:

Mum, why is Daddy acting queer?

Mrs. Mann:

Edward, please don't be so insane. (Two plain, one purl, two purl, one plain.) Further knocking.

You guys is short of legs by two! Short of two legs, how can you run? When I get home, this will be fun. Not that I mind—I kinda guessed it...

Mr. Mann:

Arrest it, Constable, arrest it!

Policeman:

Where do you come from, Baby dear?

Martie:

Out of a saucer, into here.

Arthur:

He came from Mars! It's true! It's true! My special buddy!

Martie:

Same to you.

Policeman:

Now if this party is from Mars Or one of them there foreign stars He had no right to cross the border Without his passport in order. Let's see it.

Martie:

But I don't have any!

Policeman:

Now look, you've got two legs too many That's not illegal, bad or vicious But what we calls acting suspicious.

Arthur:

Oh, please release him! I've a thought: Look, with six arms a person ought To be a wizard at the wicket— Dad, we could teach this Martian cricket! He'd play for us against Australia Where we have often met with failure.

Mr. Mann:

Boy, you're a genius! Yes, you're right England is saved this very night.

Policeman:

All right, Sir. Very good. That's splendid: We'll say the incident 'as ended. But teachin' battin', Sir, may trouble you 'E'd be so easy LBW.

Mr. Mann:

Leave that to me! I'll do my best To get him ready for the Test And then we'll ask the MCC They'll lap it up—take that from me! Banners of victory we'll unfurl

Mrs. Mann:

Two purl, one plain, two plain, one purl... (CURTAIN)

Announcer:

Soon little Martie played for Kent Then to Australia he went Engaged to play the English ticket And show Australia some cricket. There, when our Martian hero landed, He beat them—though not single-handed, Because, of course, he played with six, Which put the Aussies in a fix. To England when he then returned He said that Arthur Mann had earned A trip to Mars—and so he did, That plucky little English kid. A grateful country gave a party For Arthur and the clever Martie Supplying space-suits for the trip And other things, which we can skip. But Mrs. Mann said it was wrong (Because the journey was so long) To pass the hours just idly sitting. She gave them balls of wool for knitting And placed on board the Flying Saucer The works of Milton, Donne and Chaucer. Now we shall see his parents learn Of Martie's fortunate return.

## SCENE THREE

The Curtain rises to disclose the Martian landscape as in Scene One. Bumblebee noises indicate that Flying Saucers are hovering in the vicinity. The TV Announcer speaks.

TV Announcer:

Don't let them sell you any junk— It's Bunk you want, so ask for Bunk; It's different than the other stuff— It's all you need—Bunk is enough! Bunk is the stuff you can't refuse. A Flying Saucer descends, crosses stage slowly, and goes out while the announcer continues: Now folks, we gotta piece of news: The Flying Saucer's back again, (All thanks to Bunk, let me explain.)

Raise the Martian Landscape (as before), to reveal the Sitting-room of Mr. and Mrs. Martian, (Scene 2). The TV set is switched on, and the announcer is seen. Mr. Martian (Plate 1) and Mrs. Martian stand on either side of the stage.

TV Announcer:

And Martie Martian's on his way To join his Mom and Pop today. He has with him a human creature, Un-Martian both in form and feature. He calls it Arthur and it talks, Stands on two legs and really walks. Mrs. Martian faints (by falling on her face).

Mr. Martian:

Oh dear, oh dear, I guess that's fear Account of this Thing coming here!

ON PAGE ELEVEN





December 14th, 1956

## PEACE NEWS

### "THEY WERE ALL LOOKING FOR A KING"

A Christmas message from Stuart Morris,  
Secretary, Peace Pledge Union

OUR preparations for Christmas are easy because they involve no challenge, but those for the first Christmas were difficult because they did. So difficult that when Christ came to His own He was rejected on charges of treason which repudiated His kingship, and blasphemy which denied His divinity.

Men have never quite forgiven God for not coming in the power and glory which they worship, and they persist in asserting that His second coming will be in those terms. But whenever He comes He can come only as Love, and by preferring power and glory we still refuse to recognise Him in the person of the child whose very existence is threatened by the H-bomb or who is dying from starvation or preventable disease.

CHRIST is not heralded by the trumpeters of the Life Guards but the voice crying "Repent"—change your whole attitude to life, your values, your policies—which is precisely what individual pride and national prestige forbid us to do.

To admit that we have been wrong is regarded as weakness, and we prefer to bluster and plead expediency or the justification of success.

Over a million pounds have flowed in for Hungary, through an emotional appeal which involves no change of heart but provides escape from self-condemnation in the condemnation of others and acts as a screen to hide our own moral guilt. There is no such appeal for the Middle East in spite of the damage we have done, our long exploitation of the peoples there and their great needs. That would mean the admission that we have been wrong and involve a change of heart.

Easy, and good for trade, to decorate Regent Street or to give presents to those who will return the compliment, but man cannot cast away the works of darkness by lighting up a Christmas tree nor alter his attitude to his enemies by giving presents to his friends.

Christmas demands a repentance which would revolutionise our national policies and set free our resources in reparation for the wrongs we have done instead of in perpetuating the politics of power and glory.

WHAT a sad, paradoxical world. The Jews have their kingdom but have rejected their King. Christians pay lip service to the King but refuse the kingdom in which love is the only right by which He rules and the only weapon He can use. Power remains the standard of greatness. Peace is associated with a justice which we claim for ourselves but deny to others. Law is made dependent on force in defiance of the fact that "if the law came by Moses, Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ" and that the fulfilling of the law is love.

And yet a stirring of conscience and a concern for moral values: the recognition that though unlimited force is available it cannot free Hungary or bring peace in the Middle East.

A limited sphere of hope, but so was the cradle which received Christ. An ideal in its swaddling clothes but the violence of Herod could not prevent the Christ-child growing up. So we are encouraged to proclaim the full Gospel of Love and to seek His Kingdom of righteousness by which alone we choose Him.

## Christmas at St. Faith's

MOLLY CLUTTON-BROCK WRITES FROM SOUTHERN RHODESIA

NINE MILES FROM RUSAPE, a small town in Southern Rhodesia, is St. Faith's Mission Farm where European and African work as equals, and where something more than improved methods of agriculture is taught.

While Guy Clutton-Brock teaches agriculture at St. Faith's, his wife, Molly, runs a children's remedial exercise clinic—she has been trained in the Neumann-Neurode method of physiotherapy which has produced remarkable results in spastic cases, curvature of the spine, knock-knees, bow legs, and many other deformities as well as the after-effects of polio.

Such is the background from which Molly Clutton-Brock writes to the readers of Peace News.

MUKUWAPASI CHILDREN'S REMEDIAL EXERCISE CLINIC  
P/B 41,  
RUSAPE,  
S. RHODESIA.

Dear Friends,

I have been asked to write to you about this little Clinic... and Christmas.

The work started on the verandah of our sun-baked brick house amid the junk and paraphernalia of the new farm life. Ducklings, maize cobs, a table and chair and some CHILDREN. Apparatus came later displacing the ducklings and cobs!

A nucleus of two or three cases began a snowball of cases from a radius of a hundred miles. A proper in-patients' establishment and treatment room became essential.

Originally in 1950 we looked after three children in our home... a spastic, a polio and a backward and debilitated orphan. Now there are 19 children in a house suitable for 12 patients. Club foot, polio and spastic cases predominate amongst these in-patients.

Preventive cases come from the neighbourhood three times a week, and a number of spastic and clubfoot cases are supervised monthly, the

parents giving exercises in their own homes.

We treat Indian and European cases as well as African. Would you could have seen the joy of the small European boy who held a little African baby in his arms for the first time. And the face of the African grandmother who couldn't quite believe what she saw.

There is such natural behaviour amongst the children, and, of course, no adult can resist the charms of children of any race.

And how does this fit into the Christmas scene?

Our Christmases have varied according to the size and number of our children. The first year a few visitors slipped quietly into the treatment room to join us for a tiny tableau. A few children could stand, and represented the three Kings. A little spastic girl sat, a sweet solemn Mary gazing at a glow of light amongst the straw. Tiny orphan Jane lay happily dressed as an angel, while three rather roguish small boys (two polio, one knock-knee) reminded us of the shepherds sitting on the hillside. The African nursery nurses sang the story softly. The following year we be-

THE New Statesman described the new Press law in Cyprus (which enables the Authorities not only to fine and imprison editors, but to suppress their newspapers and seize their property) as "the most punitive Press law ever enacted in a British Territory."

It may be good for us just now to remember that this is, unfortunately, not true. The new law is modelled on one which was promulgated by ordinance in India under the Labour Government of 1929-31; and arbitrary confiscation of property was then even extended to "any association which may be deemed to be unlawful"—no legal process being required.

A close survey of British Colonial emergency measures would probably show many similar precedents for what is none the less of an outrage, however often it has been committed before. It is the memory of such outrages—a memory evidently longer and more vivid than our own—which helps to keep sensitive the consciences of the Asian Statesmen wherever colonialism is concerned.

Much worse, and possibly more original, is the extension of the death penalty in Cyprus (and the insistence that nothing less than the death sentence be given) for other "crimes." One of these is "consorting with rebels." In many a Cypriot family there must be, today, members known to their relatives to be active rebels. If the "law abiding" members continue to "consort" with their own kin they will be hanged, if the rebel son or brother is ever identified. The alternative is presumably to betray him to the British. Is that the intention?

### Atrocities

ANOTHER abominable innovation is the regulation which makes it impossible for any member of the police or armed forces to be prosecuted without the permission of the Attorney General.

Not even the Black and Tans in Ireland or the no less notorious Kenya Police Reserve in recent years enjoyed such a *carte blanche* for licensed thuggery.

In every era of colonial repression, from the Indian Mutiny onwards, there have been frightful atrocities committed by the forces of "Law and Order."

Seldom have measures been taken against the culprits (General Dyer, after the Amritsar Massacre and the even more cold blooded atrocities which followed it, was sent into retirement with a full pension). But the existence, at least in theory, of a law to protect the civilian, and the possibility, however remote, of prosecution, must have operated to make things a shade less evil than they might have been.

### No protection

ALREADY there is an accumulation of evidence that the practices of the Police and Military in Kenya are being followed in Cyprus—but without the protection (from now) which did bring a few of the crimi-

came more active and two young lambs made our story more lively. Each year we draw our Christmas thoughts together in a different way, and a few days before Christmas we just ask a few friends to join us.

The design this year will be more varied... The five nursery nurses are preparing their story. Our bunch of school children (two more polios, a muscular dystrophy and a spastic) are already having secret rehearsals in the day room. I feel their "turn" may be more suitable round the tree! The Christmas tree party entertains and finds small presents for all out-patients who have attended the Clinic during the current year as well as our boarders.

Chicken and rice is our feast day fare instead of maize "sadza" and meat or "relish." In the village neighbours will be gathering to join in Church Services with those who live on these 10,000 acres of St. Faith's lands. Beer will be brewed from kopoko (a millet), much extra buying and selling will go on at the Mill and the Store.

How hot it will be, and suddenly how cold, if the rain tumbles out of the clouds with a crack and a rumble. How tricky it is for "Mayi" Stowell to decide whether to have her most effective Christmas plays outside the School on the terrace, under a low lying cloud with the sun blazing down, or in the body of the Church.

How odd it feels to some of us to be celebrating the Birth of Christ at a season vibrating and glowing with

nals in Kenya to trial and conviction. Significantly enough, one of those successfully prosecuted in Cyprus before the new regulation for the protection of barbarism was a former Kenya Police Officer. It is clear where he learnt his trade. In future

## Cyprus Suez Hanging

he can assault Cypriots "savagely" during "interrogation" (the terms used in the charge) without even being fined £25 again. The penalties, too, have been reminiscent of India and Kenya; but now torture and murder will go scot free.

The Manchester Guardian (December 8), speaking of the evacuation of British subjects from Port Said, says that "most of those who have not asked to be evacuated are Cypriots, who are reported to have shown little interest in the idea of leaving." Was this deliberate understatement?

### Truth on Suez

MR. SELWYN LLOYD, in the debate on Suez, based his claim that Britain had stopped a war partly on the statement of the Egyptian Commander-in-Chief that after the Anglo-French intervention he (the Egyptian C. in C.) decided to issue an order to the other Arab States to hold their forces.

A simple person might assume from this that the credit should go either to the Egyptian Commander-in-Chief or to the Arab States. The way to stop a war is to refrain from it. If, however, the British Government is to take the credit for having frightened the Middle Eastern States into neutrality, the same argument must be applied to our own agreement for a cease-fire and withdrawal. We did, in fact, in company with France and Israel, "stop a war" which we had started. There is little credit in that; and what there is goes to the United Nations and—in particular—to the firm stand made by America. We did not willingly stop. We were stopped.

In making his astonishing contention, Selwyn Lloyd asked whether the Opposition denied it. The question, apparently rhetorical, was followed by a pause and silence, from which the Foreign Secretary concluded that the Opposition had "no answer." They must have been stunned by the effrontery of quite the most thumping lie they had heard for some time, even in a place where lying has become an hourly occurrence. And yet Selwyn Lloyd is regarded by one of his own party as one of the few members of the Government who speaks the truth. It makes one shudder to think what the lies must be like if this sort of thing is considered relatively truthful.

### Issue bedevilled

THE issue of capital punishment in this country is now being bedevilled by politics.

A year ago the Government said it would accept the will of the Commons; that was expressed in support for final abolition of the death penalty for murder.

A private member's Bill produced by Mr. Silverman made its way successfully through the House, only to be rejected by the Lords. Now Mr.

Silverman and his supporters await another chance to introduce their Bill so that it may become law under the Parliament Act.

They have been unlucky in the ballot and even if their Bill is introduced at all, this will not be until the spring and its chances of getting through the House are slim.

In the meantime the Government has produced its own compromise Bill which will restrict the use of the death penalty to certain forms of murder or murders committed under specified circumstances, while all other forms of murder will be dealt with by a sentence of life imprisonment (which means imprisonment until the Home Secretary advises release).

This tinkers with murder—it eases the consciences of some people and meets the fears of others—but it misses the moral issue completely.

We either have or have not the right to take human lives, we have or have not the right to use a penalty from which there can be no return although its use must be at the whim of human judgment which may be faulty.

### The moral issue

NOT only does the Government Bill miss the moral issue, it fails even in finding logic as its basis. Murder in the course or pursuance of theft is to be "capital."

If a man murders his friend to steal his goods that will be capital; if he murders him and forges his signature on a cheque to gain his friend's fortune that will not be capital—the murder will be in pursuance not of theft but of obtaining money by a forged instrument.

Again murder by shooting or explosion is to be capital, but not murder by stabbing, poisoning or any other of the alternatives; to shoot one's wife will be a capital offence; to cut her up and leave her about in small parcels in railway stations will be only a decent normal murder... well, well!

This is the sort of situation which has always been met when an effort has been made to find "degrees" of responsibility or guilt, and a similar effort in 1946 was ridiculed by Sir Winston Churchill. Now his party produces another attempt simply because it is anxious to meet its mass-emotionalised supporters who at their party Conference cried out against the abolition of capital punishment.

Only because of this has a serious issue become a political issue.

### Murders down

THE saddest part of the whole story is that the Homicide Bill, which includes these absurd distinctions, also includes some excellent amendments to the law of murder.

It is, therefore, a difficult Bill to oppose: much improvement in the law of murder will follow, and so, it must be gratefully admitted, will a considerable reduction in the number of executions.

But as we have now safely survived nearly eighteen months without an execution, and with (so far) a slightly lower monthly average of murder than in the same period before the last execution, one can only wonder why we need to return to the use of executions at all.

Is anybody really going about feeling any less safe because the executioner is unemployed?



At the clinic last Christmas. The boy with the trumpet was a malnutrition case. The girl next to him is now just struggling to walk; Patricia, behind her, who could only stand can now run rather lopsidedly. Both girls had paralysis of left side and Patricia could not talk, now she copies easily and comes out with quite long sentences on her own. Edgar, with his back to the camera, could hardly crawl when he came to the clinic. Now, despite his wasted leg, he is able to run about.

lush growth reaching up to the sun, instead of in the quiet retiring time of winter with perhaps whiteness of snow and starkness of tree, just waiting for the birth of Spring.

But the cattle kraal is near our home and the Clinic, and there there is a stillness and calm of contented

animals amongst the straw, which makes one feel "at home" at Christmas amid the mounting tide of world tensions meeting in Africa today.

And so I close by sending good wishes for Christmas peace and joy to Peace News readers everywhere.

MOLLY CLUTTON-BROCK

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To those in trouble  
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Live for the long run, and let the short  
run take care of itself—Anon. Canada.

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Your encouragement and support during 1956 has enabled Peace News  
to keep unbroken the links we have forged between peace workers all  
over the world.

From the Editor, staff and voluntary workers at the Peace News offices in  
London and Cambridge, Massachusetts.

It is the Sincere wish of the  
Company of Management and Officials of  
the  
LONDON CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY  
that

CO-OPERATORS THROUGHTOUT THE  
WORLD WILL HAVE A VERY HAPPY  
CHRISTMAS

and that Peace and Contentment will be  
theirs during the NEW YEAR to come.

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peacemakers near and far and especially to those  
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to their convictions.

### INTERNATIONAL GREETINGS

from  
**BERMONDSEY P.P.U.**

### GREETINGS from

**THE CENTRAL BOARD FOR CONSCIENTIOUS  
OBJECTORS**

to the readers of Peace News  
throughout the world.

6 ENDSLEIGH STREET,

LONDON W.C.1.

Irish anti-vivisectionists greet their  
overseas brethren  
and wish them  
success in their  
opposition to this  
despicable form of  
war on the animal  
creation.

PEACE will never be discovered in  
efforts towards United Nations.

LOVE is in the efforts for uniting  
universally the people.

Best wishes from the Party "Universal  
People," Laethem-St-Martin, Belgium, to  
Garry Davis and

**ALL TRUE WORLD CITIZENS**

### GREETINGS

To All Who Seek The  
WAYS of PEACE

"Take not away the life you cannot  
give;  
For all things have an equal right to  
live.  
Kill noxious creatures where 'tis sin to  
save;  
This only just prerogative we have;  
But nourish life with vegetable food,  
And shun the sacrilegious taste of  
blood."

Oyam (Metamorphoses)

The London  
Vegetarian Society  
81, Lamb's Conduit Street  
London, W.C.1

### GREETINGS TO ALL WHO ARE WORKING FOR PEACE

from the  
**BRITISH PEACE COMMITTEE**  
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The growth of pacifism is the surest  
guarantee against a third world war. This  
goes for both sides in the cold war.  
—Anon. South Africa.



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### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM IRISH WOMEN WORKER'S UNION



CHRISTMAS signifies the ever-recurrent advent of new  
life full of hope and beauty for mankind ★ It signifies  
also Motherhood stretching out arms of compassion and love  
to weak and suffering people ★ In the spirit of our  
common motherhood we women of Ireland, send out to men and women  
in other lands, East and West, a message of hope for the realisation of  
the promises of the Christmas Festival.



# THE HOPI MESSAGE OF

By Gene Sharp

**T**HERE is a peaceful people. They have never warred. They believe that all men should live in peace. Now their way of life is threatened by powerful forces. Yet they maintain their faith and seek to spread their message of peace among the righteous people of the earth.

Atop arid mesas (tablelands) near the Grand Canyon of upper Arizona live 4,500 Hopi Indians. These are the "Peaceful People." That is what "Hopi" means.

The Great Spirit many many years ago gave them the laws of life which they have sought to live. There were prophecies that there would be severe times of testing in the future.

One of those times has come. The Peaceful People hope that through their tribulations and the work of other people throughout the world, the world may learn the way of peace and reject all violence and war, and all things contrary to the laws of the Great Spirit.

"We, the leaders of the traditional Hopi, who are holding fast to our way of life, wish to have peace and happiness throughout all this land, and among all peoples. We want our way of life to continue on; for ourselves, for our children, and for their children who come after," declares Andrew Hermequawewa, the Bluebird Chief of Shungopavi Village.

"This, our religion, may be of benefit to other people, not Hopi, who may come after us, if these matters are brought to all peoples. Let them hear our voice.

"We do not want to [be] . . . simply disregarding each other. We should have respect for each other, for there is too much good in all people for it to be lost."

## Reverence life

The heart of the Hopi religion was presented by Dan Kachongva, the Sun Clan Chief of Hotevilla Village, as he spoke at the opening session of the Meeting of Religious Peoples last August 4 and 5, called by the Hopi religious leaders.

"Each and every human being knows these simple instructions upon which are based all the various Life Plans and religions of the Great Spirit," he said. The laws of the Great Spirit must be followed even though they might conflict with other "laws."

All the various instructions of the Great Spirit came from "the seed of one basic instruction: 'You must not kill; you must love your neighbour as yourself.'"

"From this one commandment to respect and reverence life, came all the other commandments:

"To tell the truth, to share what we have, to live together so we can help each other out, to take care of our children and old people, the sick and strangers, friends and enemies; to not get drunk, or commit adultery, or lie or cheat, or steal, or covet, or get rich, because all of these negative acts cause fights and troubles which divide the community into groups too small to support and carry on the life stream."

These matters were, he said, the foundation of human life. People must never lose faith,

*He doesn't like to be called a chief, as the title implies a hierarchy of dictatorial power unknown to the Hopi, so he speaks of himself as an advisor. A speech given by his father was used as a tract by Gandhi in spreading the principles of non-violence among his people.*

**CENTRE LEFT:** David Monongye, who wants to be thought of as a "common man" though his speeches and deeds prove his exceptional abilities. He has an important position, powers and responsibilities, is the Village Crier or Announcer, and also has other duties very essential to the Hopi way of life. Monongye, as a Hopi, is unassuming, for they do not believe in boasting, showing off or showing one's power over others.

**BOTTOM LEFT:** Andrew Hermequawewa, the Bluebird Chief of Shungopavi Village, one of the real Hopi sages. "A Hopi will not molest anyone," he says. "He will not mistreat people. He will live peacefully with all people."

lest life be again destroyed as the Hopi believe it was in a previous world.

The Hopi beliefs and way of life are not something they have invented by themselves, or the product of some transcendent reformer, but are, they believe, the same teachings that were given to them by the Great Spirit at the time they came upon the earth.

"The Hopi believe that Maasauu, the Great Spirit, was the leader and the creator of our land," affirms Andrew Hermequawewa.

## Peaceful way

"We who are living today are descendants of people who were saved from the other world." The other world was destroyed by a flood because many people had rejected the way of goodness.

There were, however, in that other world good people who deeply believed in the way of the Great Spirit, and asked to come to live with Him. The Great Spirit was pleased at their request for he had given them as human beings the right of choice, and these had chosen well.

"Maasauu placed upon us, through them, the obligation to follow his way of life; being known by the works we do and by our promise never to abandon the good and peaceful way that would be Hopi," says the Bluebird Chief.

When the time came for the Hopis to come upon this world, Maasauu instructed them in the obligations he placed upon them in their life upon the earth, and gave to their leaders many altars and many emblems to represent the land and the people.

Since these laws came from the Great Spirit, the Hopi believe them to be the same laws which He also gave to all divisions and groups of mankind.

There were two great commandments: (1) Remember the Great Spirit and look to Him as the Supreme executive on this land, the Governor of this life, and (2) Do not destroy life, but rather encourage it.

The Hopis believe that on those two commandments hinge all the laws of the religious people throughout the world.

The final instructions of the Great Spirit were:

"Now live, and never lose faith in what I have given you. If you do lose faith and turn away from this Life Pattern I have given you, you will be lost and will later bring trouble upon yourselves. Do not ever lose faith as you go out over this land."

The people moved out upon the continent, going out to different places as their instructions told.

"The Hopi lived among their villages a very long time," tells the Bluebird Chief. "They worshipped Maasauu at their altars and through their use of this land. There was peace. No man raised his hand in anger against another."

## Bohanna came

Then the Bohanna—the white man—came.

In 1535 the Spanish reached Hopi Land. They were seeking the Seven Sacred Cities of Cibola—said to have been built of gold—of which they had heard from the conquered Aztecs of Mexico (said to be descendants of the Hopis).

The Aztecs had been away from home (Hopi Land) for so long, reason the Hopi, that the Hopi cities had become glorified in their minds and they thought that the cities from which they had long before come must surely have been built of solid gold.

But the gold-crazy Spaniards found only walls of stone and mud, but if they had observed the love, honesty and righteousness of the villagers they would have seen that the cities were actually built of pure gold—spiritual gold.

The Mexican Government followed the Spanish.

The Mexican Government decided to make a boundary around the Hopi country, without consulting the Hopi. The Hopi thought the boundary line to be so ridiculous that they laughed about it.

Later, at the close of the US war with Mexico, Mexico signed the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo with the United States in 1848 and the US thereby obtained a vast territory formerly ruled by Mexico. In the terms of the treaty, the US agreed to honour forever the Indian reservation boundaries established by the Government of Mexico.

Some years later President Arthur, evidently concluding that "forever" had been completed, arbitrarily established a new boundary to the Hopi lands by "The Executive Order Hopi Reservation of 1882."

An Englishman named Thomas Keams who had abandoned life among the white man and gone to live with the Hopi warned the Hopi through Honani of Shungopavi Village. He said, "Don't ever fall for that Executive Order Reservation."

Once again the sovereign Hopi Nation found that a foreigner in a distant capital city of a country with which they had not even signed a treaty had set boundary lines for the Hopi territory.

It has been over 420 years since the Bohannas—the white man—came. Through those years the people have suffered at the hands of the invaders.

The Hopi believe they are one of the Chosen Peoples of the Great Spirit and as such they have never once warred, fought back, or resisted with violence the terrible and extreme persecutions forced upon them. "The only weapon we used was truth, and they cast us into prison."

Today some of the tribe are no longer following the traditional ways. "We have gone through this crisis in times past," recalled David Monongye at the Gathering of Indian Brothers at Hotevilla Village in October, "and we were warned not to make this mistake again or else we would be severely punished."

## Encroachment

In violation of their treaty with the United States, some of the Navajos began, in the 1880's to drift in upon the Hopi grazing lands, and to steal Hopi stock, use the range land, and steal products of Hopi gardens and orchards.

The Hopi, adhering to their way of peace did not fight back.

The Navajos set up permanent homes on Hopi land, and the US Government did nothing to seek their withdrawal.

Now the Hopi are completely surrounded by the vast Navajo "Reservation" whose 80,000 inhabitants make their living by sheep-raising. In that situation, intensive sheep raising means the land is not taken care of and corrodes. It takes 80 sheep to support one man. If the Navajo practised intensive gardening instead of sheep-raising, the land which supports 80 sheep would support 80 men, and there would be no reason for the Navajos to crowd the Hopi.

The 4,500 Hopis are now crowded into a little corner of land, estimated at 1,000 square miles, less than one-sixth of the Executive Order Reservation 1882, which was in turn one-sixth of the Hopi territory recognised by Mexico, and cited in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

And the Mexicans had only recognised the Hopi as having one-sixth of the land they declare was given to them by the Great Spirit for their safe-keeping (about one-sixtieth of the continent).

Hopi believe that the US Government has been behind the moves of the Navajo.

Since they became scattered family groups of herders, the Navajos have been very easily led.

The Hopis ask that a plan be developed so that the Navajos can be re-located elsewhere.

The Hopis, who believe they were given the land directly by the Great Spirit, have looked askance at the efforts by the whites to draw borders and sign treaties and contracts about this land.

The Hopis have simply held the land in trust for the Great Spirit, and cannot, while

they remain in or bargain away land or any other

In these crucial times the Creator must be able to gather and be gathered by the Hopi. The Hopi have been set aside from the Purification Dance to now set boundaries of the Hopi.

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In May, 1955 Dan Kachongva made a last appeal for recognition of the Hopi. The Hopi have been set aside from the Hopi. The Hopi have been set aside from the Hopi.

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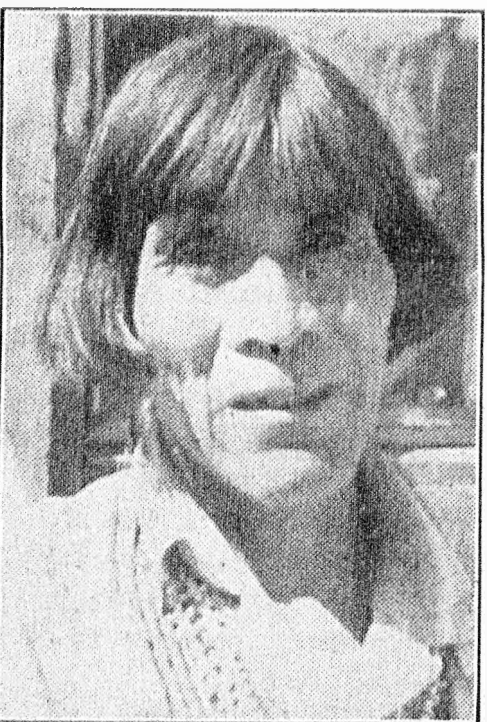
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**TOP LEFT:** Dan Kachongva, Sun Clan Chief of Hotevilla Village. A foremost pacifist advisor and spokesman, Kachongva has been imprisoned, starved, beaten and forced into extreme poverty because of his pacifist stand and open defiance of US laws and regulations violating Hopi principles and way of life. It is mainly his duty to publicise the Hopi message at this time.

In January, 1955, he and his village brothers told a group of the US Bureau of Indian Affairs that henceforth they would follow the laws of the Great Spirit, not of Washington DC.

**CENTRE LEFT:** David Monongye, who wants to be thought of as a "common man" though his speeches and deeds prove his exceptional abilities. He has an important position, powers and responsibilities, is the Village Crier or Announcer, and also has other duties very essential to the Hopi way of life. Monongye, as a Hopi, is unassuming, for they do not believe in boasting, showing off or showing one's power over others.

**BOTTOM LEFT:** Andrew Hermequawewa, the Bluebird Chief of Shungopavi Village, one of the real Hopi sages. "A Hopi will not molest anyone," he says. "He will not mistreat people. He will live peacefully with all people."

**THE PEACE PLEDGE UNION** wishes all readers of Peace News a Happy Christmas and invites them to help to abolish war and bring peace and goodwill to all men by signing the pledge: **"I renounce war and will never support or sanction another"** and by joining in the activities of Headquarters and local groups.

**DO NOT WAIT FOR THE NEXT CRISIS. NOW IS THE TIME TO STOP WAR.**

All groups are asked to bring a party to the

## BIG PACIFIST RALLY

Friends House, London, March 26, 1957

MARTIN NIEMOLLER

KATHLEEN LONSDALE

DONALD SOPER

LESLIE HALE

A further series of Sunday-evening marches and one-day Demonstrations are planned for the Spring and Summer.

Leaflets, posters and speakers gladly supplied for other meetings. Why not arrange an International Affairs Forum in your Locality

You are warmly invited to Dick Sheppard House, 6 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, to which address all enquiries should be sent

**Can you spare a Christmas gift to help and encourage us in our work to secure that BRITAIN SHOULD LEAD THE WORLD TO PEACE BY TOTAL DISARMAMENT**

All members will be warmly welcomed to

## PPU ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Eldon Hall, Leeds, April 27 and 28, 1957

and at the

## SUMMER HOLIDAY CONFERENCE

For full particulars see Peace News or write to the General Secretary







The message of PEACE NEWS has never been more important . . .

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## BOOKS

### Communism

CLIFFORD H. MAGUIRE reviews

Christians and Communism, by Dr. Hewlett Johnson. Putnam, 10s. 6d.

"Glory to man in the highest  
For he is the master of things."

DR. HEWLETT JOHNSON admits that Soviet man has made mistakes in his ascent to the peak of Communist society and this admission distinguishes the Dean's latest book from his many earlier ones.

The book is an attempt to discover points of contact between Communism and Christianity: in fact it tends to contrast the achievements of the USSR with the failures of the Christian Church.

It ignores the contradiction between the Communist's claim to be the creator of brotherhood and the unbrotherly methods he uses—the book was written before Budapest made headlines in the Press; it ignores equally the tremendous achievements, for instance, of Christian men and women in the fields of emancipation of womanhood, abolition of slavery, provision of education, and fight against disease.

The Dean quotes Jesus of Nazareth, "I came to bring life more abundantly," and goes on to assert that "nowhere in the world has that been more richly carried out than in the Soviet attitude to her one-time colonies."

But the abundant life which Jesus Christ promised was not to be found only in a full larer—"man does not live by bread alone"—even though the feeding of the hungry is a test of discipleship.

The question is frequently asked, "How can a Christian be a Communist?" Hewlett Johnson's exposition of his own understanding of the relationship between the two will give the answer, at least so far as one student of both is concerned.

Those for whom the question is a real one (Ought it not to be for all who are genuinely seeking reconciliation?) should certainly read the Dean's book.

"Given trust and good will instead of fear and suspicion differences can be faced and overcome" is the wording of a new peace poster issued by the Northern Friends' Peace Board.

### WELSH RADICAL

D. EIRWYN MORGAN reviews  
From the Valley I came, by Wil Jon Edwards. London, Angus & Robertson, 16s.

THE sequence of the words in the title of Mr. Edwards' book is Welsh. "Wil Jon" looks foreign, and is either a phonetic transcription of "Will John" or a publisher's ruse to make William John look more literary on the book-stalls.

The foreword speaks of a parcel of 230 pages of autobiography in typescript, which had rested in a drawer for a number of years, being rescued from oblivion by the author, who, after receiving due acclamation of his prowess from his son, David, decided to submit the work to the publishers.

They, in turn, expressed qualified approval. The "essential story" needed no alteration, the "spirit" was commendable, but "it would need much work to make it appreciated and understood by people who did not live in the Welsh Valleys."

Since there is a public outside Aberdare, publishers are, no doubt, within their rights in demanding a comprehensible idiom.

Mercifully, there is no "Look you!" and "Indeed to Goodness!" in Mr. Edwards' conversational passages, but the publishers could well have rejected the rather pompous English of the narrative.

Like Tom Bailey, the Chairman of the Miners' Lodge, "who was in love with words," the writer exasperates one with his "flights into fashionable English," and one reader at least feels tempted to ask concerning Mr. Edwards, the haulier's question on page 70: "What the hell is he talking about?"

The repetitive outbursts about Oxford's spires are very trying, and phrases like "the supreme animal on this planet called man" and "a pregnant lesson in the traditional story of King Canute agreeing to ask the waves not to advance to drown him" reduce the reader to despair at times.

The story itself, however, was worth the telling.

Wil Jon, son of Ann Edwards, started working in the mines at 13, turned his back on Saron Chapel, read Marx, Gibbon and Shaw, became a friend of Keir Hardie, led the miners against

★ ON PAGE ELEVEN

## OWL GLASS

# At Heaven's command

THE question I ask myself at the close of every year—"Stands England Where She Did?"—can be answered this year with a triumphant affirmative.

For this year has seen the revival of our ancient imperial glory.

We stand, in fact, exactly where we did in 1882, when once before we had to chasten the Egyptians for arrogantly attempting to govern their own country.

Thus the thrilling events of October re-enacted the immortal deeds of the past. Thus was our Empire founded; by such deeds was the flame of our glory lighted—except that this time the enemy was even smaller and weaker than usual, which enabled us to do the job in record time.

MANY had thought our day of greatness was past. It is some time since Britain arose from out the azure main at Heaven's command, and it looked as if the subsidy had been withdrawn.

Other nations arose from out the steppes and prairies (though whether at Heaven's command is doubtful), and one feared Heaven's confidence had switched from the Sterling to the Dollar area as a more profitable investment.

It is 150 years since the death of William Pitt, when the British people, reading the inscription on his statue in Guildhall received the gratifying information that—

"... the Supreme Disposer of Events, intending to advantage this Nation, for such time as to His wisdom seemed good, to an high pitch of prosperity and glory; by unanimity at home, by confidence and reputation abroad . . . by decisive victories by sea and land . . . by commerce for the first time united with and made to flourish by war, was pleased to raise up as a principal instrument in this memorable work . . ."

WILLIAM PITT

It had begun to look as if the time-that-seemed-good was up. The glory had faded. The prosperity was slipping through the gap. The reputation abroad was getting a bad Press. The unanimity at home was questioned by the Gallup Poll. It was half a century since we had pushed anybody—wog, chink or nigger—off their own territory.

But now our glory shines again—all the brighter because, unaccompanied by prosperity, its purity is unsullied by material advantage. Surely no further proof is needed that—

"... the Supreme Disposer of Events, intending to elevate this nation to an high pitch of moral rectitude as an example to all at home and abroad, by decisive police action by sea, land and air, and by commerce for the first time

dislocated by forest fires, was pleased to raise up as a principle instrument in this memorable work . . ."

ANTHONY EDEN

THAT, it is now clear, was the purpose for which our gallant lads went into Egypt: to re-establish Britain's moral leadership of the world.

This explains our Government's indifference to the United Nations, which has puzzled some people. The UN is not needed as a moral authority. We are IT. The Daily Express, ever quick to perceive and interpret moral issues, summed up the situation with characteristic conciseness:—

"When they (UNO resolutions) are passed against Britain, they have no moral force and should be treated with contempt."

Not since my youth have I heard it stated that the British army and navy are the police force of the world. I'd thought the phrase had gone out with bustles. But Britain has once again assumed her ordained historic role. She had not forgotten Milton's plea—"Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live."

What caused this sudden re-awakening of moral responsibility I cannot say, unless it was that never before has a British Cabinet included so many Old Etonians.

SO our old Heavenly connection is re-established. The Old Firm is back on the stand.

All true British hearts will echo the sentiments of the correspondent to the Daily Telegraph: "How grand it is to hear the British lion roar, if only for such a short time!"

And in view of its brevity—due to the intrusive caterwaulings of less noble beasts—I trust adequate gramophone recordings have ensured its extension to the ears of posterity.

Things being so, I note with approval the BBC programme for Christmas Day: "Early in the day there will be . . . the ringing of the bells of the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem. This will probably be followed by a visit to the RAF Station at Caldecot."

A happy combination: the Message and its Messengers: Peace on Earth and How to Get It. I congratulate the BBC on its just interpretation of a nation's Faith.

CARPING critics have remarked that our Egyptian Mission, like all the others on which our imperial glory was founded, depended upon a hitting power of at least 20 to one. They even ask whether our glory wouldn't shine even brighter if we found someone our own size.

To which I reply that in view of our responsibility we cannot take risks. Had we picked on big opponents, the will of the Supreme Disposer might not have prevailed.

## GUARDIAN ANGELS

A SPECIAL Christmas greeting to our guardian angels—those who not only buy a copy of the paper each week, but contribute to this Fund in various ways so that our work for peace can go on.

Last Christmas I had to appeal to you to send in £600 by the end of the year to enable us to reach our target of £2,000.

This year our target is higher, £3,090, because production costs are up, and so we need:

£312 by Dec. 31

I know many of you made real sacrifices to tide us over a period of crisis during the earlier months of the year and so I appeal particularly to those who can still give something to see us safely home to our target.

We can make only one more appeal this year. If everyone will act now and put Peace News on their list of Christmas gifts we can get £350 from this appeal. The next appeal can tackle the problem about which I must now write:

## PEACE NEWS IN 1957

WE believe that the world is waking up to an awareness of the value of non-violent resistance as an alternative to violence and war. The bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama, is one year old this month.

In Hungary there is growing evidence that the people are recalling the teachings of their courageous forefathers who turned to passive resistance in the struggle for freedom.

In South Africa leading pacifists are being arrested: as I write I have just learned that Chief Albert Luthuli, of the S. African Fellowship of Reconciliation, is among them. Is this a tribute to the growing strength and influence of pacifist ideas?

We have to spread our message all over Africa: to Kenya and the Central African Federation.

Ten years ago we had to reduce our organisation at Peace News to a minimum if we were to survive. Today it must be expanded as we seek to spread our influence, develop our news gathering service, extend our research activities.

We know we can count on our readers to keep the paper and our organisation alive in its present form.

But are there some who can help us to expand?

Are there friends who can give large sums to Peace News in 1957? An annual gift of £1,000 or £500, \$5,000 or \$1,000?

There are whole fields of peace education which the Peace News organisation is having to leave unploughed. We would like to prepare many more special issues of the paper dealing with certain aspects of our work.

But these involve much correspondence and research and the editorial and publishing departments have to share the services of one part-time, though highly competent, shorthand typist.

We have no capital behind us. All our staff work on a minimum wage basis which applies throughout the organisation regardless of the position held. A loyal, hard-working and enthusiastic staff is backed by hundreds of voluntary helpers in Britain and overseas.

Our staff members are called upon to address meetings, lecture, and engage in many extra activities; for working on Peace News gives exceptional opportunities to become well-informed and knowledgeable.

Gene Sharp has been asked to go to Oslo University for one month early next year to give lectures and do research work on non-violence. He has had to decline one invitation to go out to India.

But a newspaper and pamphlets have to be produced, and the constant routine of newspaper production dealt with.

There are dedicated people who are willing to serve Peace News at the low salary we pay.

We have opportunities of expansion.

We appeal to all who may be able to make a substantial contribution to our work earnestly to consider our needs. I will happily send them more detailed information about ways in which special gifts can be used.

THE EDITOR.

Contributions since Nov. 30: £181 17s. 6d. Total since Jan. 1, 1956: £2,778 2s. 2d.

Anonymous contributions gratefully acknowledged: from Keyworth, £5; from Herne Bay, 10s.; from Southend, £1; Thanks to the Peace-makers, Ohio, 10s.

Please make cheques, etc., payable to Peace News Ltd., and address them to Lady Clara Annesley, Joint Treasurer, Peace News, Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

## TO ANY CHILD

Listen to the band, child,  
Listen to the band,  
And when the drums bang loudest  
Take your mother by the hand,  
And feel her thrill of pleasure to the music of the life  
And the marching and the colours and the throbbing pulse of life;  
For in her heart there lingers only love for the display,  
And the sunshine on the bayonets adds brightness to her day.

But you, my child, when in your room go on your knees and pray  
That the soldiers and their mothers will not tempt you to their play.

JON WYNNE-TYSON

# A child's life of Gandhi

The necklace

Last week we read of Gandhi's sympathy for the poor Harijans, who had nothing but their rags.

ONE very sweet story is told of Gandhi's persuasiveness in getting gifts for his poor people.

Several ladies had come to Sevagram on a visit. They just wanted to see Gandhi and have a few words with him. He received them kindly and chatted with them for a while. He noticed that they all wore ornaments and asked if they would not like to give him something for his Harijan fund.

The ladies gladly took off their ornaments and handed them over to him—all except one

AS TOLD BY GERTRUDE MURRAY TO  
THE CHILDREN OF INDIA

young woman. Gandhi asked her what she was going to give, and she replied that she had nothing. He quietly pointed to her mangal-sutra or marriage necklace, but she only cast down her eyes in silence. She was very young and probably newly married. Her marriage necklace must have been very precious to her (as would a wedding ring in many other countries). But Gandhi gently persisted in his request.

AT last she took the mangal-sutra from her neck and gave it him. Her face was sad and it was easy to see how heavy her heart was, but she did as he asked.

Gandhi thanked her for her generosity and then said sweetly: "And now—here is a gift from me"—and gave her the necklace back again. He had well understood how it had hurt the young bride to part with her marriage necklace, and he did not wish for such a sacrifice. All that he wanted was her willingness to give.

After receiving it back again as a gift from Gandhi, the necklace must have been doubly precious to the young bride.

Next week: Gandhi lives like a poor man.



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NE-TYSON.



**PROFESSOR KNUFT**, our senior atomic scientist, announced quietly to a press conference at the Savoy Hotel that his life's secret work was perfected. The journalists present expected a sensation, and not even the Daily Mirror was disappointed.

"You see, my bomb is quite different from all previous bombs," said Professor Knuff, stroking his beard soothingly. "It is morally selective. The effect will be felt by the guilty only. Innocent men, even in the immediate area of the explosion, will not be harmed. But the guilty will be struck down with all the terrible effects of radiation, no matter at what distance they try to take refuge. I am calling it the Selective Fission Bomb."

At the end of the foyer near the bar there was a rustle of notebooks coming out of pockets.

"Am I to understand, Professor," the News Chronicle representative asked, "that whole nations will be affected, or just individuals?"

The Professor smiled. "Individuals. That is not to say, of course, that whole nations may not be guilty of causing a war. But the responsibility is always the individual's."

"But may this not have serious international consequences?" asked the Manchester Guardian correspondent.

"Very," replied the Professor. "But naturally this nation has nothing to fear. We have a clean slate."

"And the others?" asked the News of the World.

The Professor shrugged. "Oh, well. Death by radiation is slow and very painful, as you know. And the genetic consequences may affect the children of the guilty for generations."

One of the older reporters, tall, heavy and slow of speech, shambled towards the door. "Boys," he said, "this is it. I'm going to Canterbury to say my prayers."

It was this simple declaration that touched off the panic that within the next twenty-four hours was to shake the foundation of the modern world. Professor Knuff, who had been expecting a telephone call from the Prime Minister, was grieved to hear the next day that he had caused a National Crisis that might very soon develop into an International Situation. He had expected to hear the welcome news of his elevation to the House of Lords; but instead the Prime Minister said, "Knuff, for God's sake deny it. Say it was all a misunderstanding over technicalities."

"But I used no technicalities at all," the Professor protested. "I was very careful about that."

"Never mind. Deny it." "You are asking me to deny my life's work. Do you realise that my Selective Fission Bomb means the death of all guilty men? It penetrates the deepest layers of Motive and covers the widest Areas of Selective Inattention. No man who in the smallest way has contributed to the bringing about of war will escape his punishment. The worst offenders will suffer slow annihilation. My bomb will bring peace on earth, the end of armies and armaments, the everlasting rule of justice without war."

The Prime Minister groaned.

"I had hoped you might take a sensible view, Professor. The Archbishop of Canterbury advises me that moral judgments should be left to God. I have great faith in the Archbishop."

"And I have great faith in my bomb," said the Professor. "I've set it to go off at six o'clock this evening. Science will bring peace on earth at zero hour, even if you and the Archbishop are opposed to it."

"You must be mad," the Prime Minister said, and rang off.

**SCOTLAND YARD** took Professor Knuff into custody within ten minutes. But this only made him more stubborn. He refused to divulge the secret of his bomb, or to say where it was housed. The only statement he made was, "Wait till six o'clock."

Every atomic research station in the United Kingdom was combed for the new moral weapon. All the Great Powers were informed, and all similar stations in Russia and America were thoroughly searched and the scientific staff screened. But nothing irregular was uncovered. None of the bombs anywhere answered to the description of "Moral."

"Heaven be praised!" cried the old journalist before the altar at Canterbury. "No scientist would be capable of making a Moral Bomb, so the glory must be God's."

At four o'clock Professor Knuff beat on his cell door and complained bitterly that he had not had his tea.

The Prime Minister says you aren't to have any tea," the jailer replied. "That is, unless you tell us where the new deadly bomb is."

"Oh, does he?" the Professor screamed. "Well, tell him I won't."

The Friends Ambulance Unit was in attendance at the House of Commons by five o'clock. There was an agitated searching of

hearts in the front and back benches. Dark words like Kenya, Malaya and Cyprus kept leaping into the minds of conscience-troubled Members, despite their efforts to suppress them.

"But it all depends on what you mean by war," a young man with an even younger constituency remarked comfortably. Older Members were much surer what war meant. They had had more experience.

"Knuff is crazy," declared the Chancellor of the Exchequer, beating the despatch box with his fists. "The whole thing is obviously a hoax."

"Wishful thinking!" shouted a Member of the Opposition. "A good half of your last Budget was spent on armaments and the Forces, wasn't it?"

"But it all started when you were in power," retorted the Chancellor.

"Order, gentlemen," cried the Speaker during the riot that ensued. "Remember, all parties are in this together."

The Prime Minister rose to his feet and described the gravity of the situation. He declared that the country found itself in such a position that it would have to take the unprecedented course of relying on the services of its Pacifists. He regretted that in our darkest hour it was impossible to call upon the Commander-in-Chief to repeat his past successes. Already the Friends Ambulance Unit had nobly volunteered for service in the House, and he very much regretted any misunderstandings there might have been in the past. In other parts of the country Conscientious Objectors were rallying well.

By five-thirty-five sixty thousand Pacifists had been mobilised for Civil Defence. There was no time to prosecute those who refused to

## By DENNIS GRAY STOLL

obey the order, but few did since they were all convinced that when the Professor's Selective Fission Bomb was exploded they were going to be the only people in the kingdom left unharmed. The prospect did not please them in the least. In fact they were all terribly worried; even more worried than the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces, who had a map of the world and a large box of little paper flags with pins, all ready for action.

"I was always against atom bombs," he told his General Staff. "Depriving honest men of a livelihood."

"Zero hour in twenty minutes from now, gentlemen," the Prime Minister announced to the House. "Has any Member a last suggestion to make?"

"Use the thumbscrew on Knuff," a well-known champion of Humanitarian Causes shouted. "Isn't there still one in the Tower?"

"Such things oughtn't to be allowed," said the charwoman who was waiting to clean the floor of the House. But no one asked her whether she meant thumbscrews or Moral Bombs.

**THE B.B.C.** announcer glanced at the news bulletin for that evening and swallowed hard. It began with the usual item, "Our Forces today..." In New York the TV networks hummed with the question, "Is Knuff a Communist?" In Moscow the radio declared, "Professor Knuff is a typical example of Capitalist degeneracy. This is another dastardly plot against the Soviet Union."

At ten to six Knuff's mother-in-law telephoned the Prime Minister to say that all the Professor really wanted was a seat in the House of Lords. The Prime Minister gave a cry of joy. He glanced at his watch and saw that there was not time to take a taxi to Wormwood Scrubs. He telephoned the Governor.

"Tell Knuff he's been raised to the Peerage," he said excitedly. "Promise him anything he wants. Even a lifelong rebate on income tax."

But it was too late. Knuff was feeling disgruntled without his tea, and the prospect of the House of Lords, with or without income tax, was nothing to the glory he hoped to experience after his bomb had gone off. He would be in a strong bargaining position and could state his price to the world market—or what was left of it. He told the Governor to tell the Prime Minister that a scientist's integrity was not for sale. The Governor passed the message on.

"What a fool!" the Prime Minister exclaimed. "Doesn't he realise he's in this too?"

At two minutes to six the Friends Ambulance Unit picked up their stretchers and waited. Not only the House of Commons but the whole civilized world was holding its breath. The face of the President of the United States appeared on a little screen in millions of homes, and heaped the blame on himself for the rare instances in which Washington's policy might have been wrong. The country heaved a sigh of relief and vowed to vote for him at the next election if he came through the Ordeal by Selective Fission as unscathed as they and he fervently hoped.

In Moscow the loudspeakers were still busy abusing Knuff. They called him the Nero of the West so many times that there was a run on the University Libraries by many students who were not normally interested in Roman history.

In London the Prime Minister rang up the B.B.C. to say that he would be speaking after the nine o'clock news—he sincerely hoped. The Director General wondered whether the detonation of the Bomb would affect transmission. Would the moral punishment of individuals extend to war machines also? The Prime Minister replied testily that he couldn't say. The Director General had better consult his engineers.

**THE** public was extraordinarily calm. Now that the crisis was upon them, some speculated whether the Bomb would go off with a loud long boom or a sharp, painful crash. Others made bets whether it would spread in a mushroom cloud or a spearhead. But many more went to the churches to be assured that even if, as the hymn said, "our strength is in Thine arm alone," it was only sensible to have a stock of hydrogen bombs handy in an emergency. Only the old journalist remained faithfully by the altar at Canterbury Cathedral until the verger asked him to leave. His prayer was: "God forgive me for the wrongs I have done others as I forgive them for the wrongs they have done me."

At six o'clock Big Ben shuddered in the tower of the House of Commons. At the same instant an extraordinary change took place in the Members. Many who had been sitting upright in their seats now slumped over benches.

The Friends Ambulance Unit attended them with swift efficiency. The Commander-in-Chief lurched over the table in his headquarters, scattering the paper flags all over the floor. The map of the world gazed down at him emptily from the wall.

Half an hour later the Friends Ambulance Unit reported that three senior Cabinet Ministers had had heart attacks, but were recovering well. About four hundred Members had fainted, but all but six had now come round. There was no trace anywhere of radioactivity. The nation felt a great load lifted from its mind at the thought that we had a clean slate—or almost. The Churches exhorted the people not to indulge in the sin of national pride. "Look," they said, "at the United States, where Billy Graham has had such a marvellous influence that Washington announces no casualties at all." The American doctors, however, disagreed, and said that there had been a marked intensification of stomach ulcers and indigestion since the explosion of the Moral Bomb. But all were agreed that the West had come out very well, and congratulated one another in public houses and public dinners.

"And what about Moscow?" the Prime Minister asked, gulping a glass of neat whisky. (Normally he was very abstemious and always took half soda.)

"Well, that's extraordinary, sir," his Secretary said. "But the reports are all clear."

"Are you quite sure?" the Prime Minister said in dismay. "Have we been through this terrible ordeal for nothing? Ring up the Embassy and get them to send me a report—in code."

When the report came through, it said that the loudspeakers in the Red Square had choked for a second or two at six o'clock. Otherwise life in Moscow had gone on as usual.

"Strange," said the Prime Minister. "Are we to deduce from this that no one in Russia is guilty of wanting a war?"

"Unthinkable," said his Secretary. "The Professor has never failed to detonate his bombs successfully before. The devastation has always exceeded his calculations in a most satisfactory manner."

"How is Knuff?"

"The Governor says, still demanding afternoon tea, but perfectly healthy."

"Let him have it now. That's the least we can do to show our gratitude."

The Secretary did not understand. But, being a well-trained Secretary, he obeyed orders without thinking too much or asking questions.

"That Bomb was fixed wrong, I figure," suggested the President of the United States over transatlantic telephone. "Maybe it'll blow its top tonight."

"Never," said the Prime Minister firmly. "Knuff hasn't made a mistake in ten years. No bomb was ever detonated more successfully than his Moral Bomb, believe me."

The Prime Minister told the nation that night how Professor Knuff had always done a fine job, and now that he had done the best of all he had earned a long rest. It was up to all

parties and factions to honour him and stop spreading rumours. Who knew for certain what went on behind the Iron Curtain? Millions might die overnight and not a word of the tragedy reach the straining ears of the Western world. We ought to thank God that everyone on this island was alive to go on with the splendid work to which we were dedicated, the bringing of a Christian peace to the world through democratic strength of arms. Now that we had the Selective Fission Bomb he did not think it likely that any nation would dare to start a war. But, of course, it was necessary to go on with our arduous preparations for that eventuality. We must not spare any effort to increase production of defence weapons of all kinds. The grateful nation listened and was even more impressed than usual.

Moscow declared through all its radio channels that the fact that no one had died in the Soviet Union when the Moral Bomb exploded proved beyond a shadow of doubt that Russia hated the very idea of war. It was common knowledge that millions had died or become incurably radioactive in the United States and Britain. The evidence was safely guarded in the vaults of the Kremlin where no one could see it. *Pravda* claimed that the bomb had been manufactured with the aid of American gold.

A widely publicised Senator announced in Washington that he had absolute proof that an Anti-Moral Selective Fission Bomb had been manufactured in a Communist cell beneath Radio City, New York. When challenged to produce the evidence, he said that it would be un-American to divulge State Department secrets.

Although opinions and rumours differed, everyone in the modern world was agreed on one thing: the Selective Fission Bomb had been exploded and found them innocent. Of course the usual radioactive burns and casualties followed the routine bomb tests. The world went on with its business. Professor Knuff was released, and began his long vacation in Bermuda under strict supervision.

"Poor old Knuff!" said the Prime Minister. "His atomic work has been too much for him. He must have complete rest and no one must disturb him. No one."

"I always said the fellow was crazy," observed the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Fancy refusing a permanent rebate on income tax! You should have listened to me at the beginning and avoided all this trouble."

"I said he was crazy, too," retorted the Prime Minister. "I told him so to his face..."

"Then why on earth pretend that the Bomb went off?"

"My dear Chancellor, we are now in possession of a weapon that no one else can copy. It cannot be copied because it does not exist. That is a secret that I hope Knuff will never be sane enough to communicate to the world."

"My God!" cried the Chancellor. "That's brilliant. Now I understand why you are Prime Minister and I only your humble assistant."

The Prime Minister smiled and lit a cigar.

"Well, well. After all, if he'd been sane, God knows what might have happened."

Then he turned over his latest file listing the supplies of British armaments to Israel. At the same time the Kremlin was examining its counter-measures to supply armaments to Egypt. The President of the United States was giving his public a little paternal TV talk about the bloodshed and psychological damage that was being caused in the world by an ideology whose name there was no need to mention. It was a good thing, he said, that they did not possess an Anti-Moral Selective Fission Bomb. He happened to know that they could never possess such a terrible weapon. No scientist would dare to make it. He did not mention the latest shipment of US arms to Turkey.

**THE** only man who was disappointed that the Ordeal by Selective Fission had failed was the old shambling journalist who had gone to Canterbury to forgive and beg forgiveness. He wrote an article about his views, and his Editor sacked him.

"Don't be so sure it won't go off sooner or later, Chief," he said.

"I don't believe in the Last Judgment," commented the Editor drily, as he threw the article into the wastepaper basket.

"Neither did Babylon and ancient Egypt, Chief. And look where it got them."

But the Editor was already engaging a youth fresh from Oxford to take the old journalist's place.

"I want 150 words on the decline of morals among the young," he said. "But no politics."

"Why not?" said the youth, who had no previous experience.

"Too immoral to print," sighed the Editor. "Now, if you want to keep your job, write what you're told and leave me in peace. I have to revise our leader on Professor Knuff's Moral Bomb for tomorrow's issue."

Fortunately the old journalist kept a copy of his rejected article, and this is it.

Reprinted from *The Aryan Path*.



## RELIGIOUS NEWS AND VIEWS STUART MORRIS' MONTHLY COLUMN

# Protestant and Catholic reactions to Suez crisis

CAESAR'S INNINGS

"IN a rising tide of complacent patriotism, Caesar has had quite an innings," comments Perry Jones in the British Weekly, adding "No one quietly, reasonably and all the more effectively renders the things of God to Caesar than Dr. Warner, Bishop of Edinburgh."

This criticism was the result of a letter to The Scotsman in which the Bishop stated his belief that the action in Egypt was from the beginning moral since every country has the right to go to war in self-defence.

Perry Jones was grateful that a large body of Christians believed that even the British nation is subject to moral laws, and added to Bishop Warner "You may say in God's name that you believe our aggression was politically expedient, in God's name you shall not say it was moral."

Few of the Bishops or other leading Christians have condemned British action in Egypt as morally wrong, although the Bishop of Liverpool did use that phrase.

On the other hand, the Bishop of Chester regarded President Nasser's action as scandalous.

The Bishop of Manchester believed that to take aggressive action against another country is generally, though not always, wrong, and thought that "if people here are going to starve because the use of the Canal is denied us, then there is much to be said for the action taken."

The Bishop of Lichfield recognised that the resort to force had caused the greatest concern to many people, and the Bishop of Coventry urged Christians not to take the easy way out by blaming Government or Opposition.

## MORAL INTEGRITY

THE Bishop of Chichester, while placing a large share of the blame on Egypt and expressing a great measure of sympathy with the Prime Minister, recognised that for the British Government to insist on an armed conflict which could claim no international sanction and was overwhelmingly condemned by the UN Assembly, had come as a great shock to the Christian conscience. In his Diocesan Letter he admits that he cannot get rid of the conviction that the British action was wrong.

In a letter to The Times he subsequently appealed to the Prime Minister to give a definite and detailed reply to the reports that Britain and France had advance knowledge of Israel's attack, even if they did not tacitly approve.

The question to his mind is one of particular importance in relation to Britain's moral integrity.

The Archbishop of York, while recognising that many people were eager that the Christian Church should give a lead, stated that such a lead could not take the form of a denunciation of the policy of the Government since that policy, no less than the policy of the Opposition, could be supported with Christian convictions. His main appeal was for restraint.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has made no pronouncement since his speech in the House of Lords in which he stated that "Christian opinion in this country is terribly uneasy and unhappy about the Government's Suez policy."

He regarded it as sufficient to reply to a telegram from Bishop Dibelius of Berlin "Deeply agitated by the recent events in the

Near and Middle East. German members of World Council of Churches looking towards the Christian Churches of Great Britain," by sending the Bishop a copy of his House of Lords speech.

## TEARS OR LAUGHTER

ALTHOUGH a deputation from the British Council of Churches led by the Archbishop of Canterbury was received by the Lord Chancellor on behalf of the Prime Minister, they only reported to him the deep concern of Christian opinion about events in the Middle East and urged that every attempt should be made to secure a ceasefire.

The World Council of Churches in its message went further by urging that any measure to deter combat aggression should conform to the requirements of the United Nations Charter.

It was left to the Vicar of Lostock to point out in a letter to the Manchester Guardian that by—quite rightly—denouncing Russian action in Hungary without at the same time condemning the action of the British Government in Egypt, the Church Assembly had betrayed its fundamental task.

The letter concluded: "Is it a matter for tears or for laughter when Christ's voice can be discerned more clearly in the pages of some newspapers than in the pronouncements of His 'Chosen People'?"

## AVOID NUCLEAR WAR

THE Roman Catholic Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops of the United States issued a statement declaring that the world was poised on the brink of disaster. "If," they say, "in the ultimate resort it is the duty of man to resist naked aggression, still it is obvious that every possible means consistent with divine law and human dignity must be employed to avoid the final arbitrament of nuclear warfare."

In a broadcast the Pope appealed to all the peoples of East and West to unite for freedom and peace at a time when the entire world had been rightly startled at the hasty recourse to the use of force which had been condemned thousands of times as a means of settling disputes and ensuring the triumph of right.

He urged the creation of a "solid pact of Governments and peoples who wanted the world to tread the path in the honour and dignity of the sons of God, a pact capable also of defending its members effectively from every unjust attack against their rights and independence."

## THE CHURCH PRESS

THE Catholic Herald in London reprinted an article from the Catholic Action paper in Rome demanding UN intervention in Hungary, including the "severest sanctions" against Russia, and also one from the Vatican City newspaper urging that UN should have taken action in Hungary no less drastic than in the Middle East.

A leading article drew two conclusions, that Russia has not changed and that the inadequacy of UN puts the world in great danger.

## A Wider Philosophy

We have to share this planet, not only with over 2,000,000,000 of our fellow human beings, but also with a far greater number of animals.

Clearly any philosophy that excludes consideration of our "lesser brethren" is no philosophy at all. It is useless to try to seek the good of man while being indifferent to the welfare of animals. Love that does not embrace all who can suffer is a poor, ineffective thing.

Every year, in British laboratories, nearly two million experiments "Calculated to inflict pain" are performed on living animals. The stated aim of these experiments is to reduce human suffering. Do they succeed in this aim? And if they do, is the infliction of such mass suffering justified? Please write to us asking for free literature explaining about our campaign to abolish vivisection.

BRITISH UNION FOR THE ABOLITION OF VIVISECTION

(B.U.A.V.), 47 WHITEHALL, LONDON, S.W.1

Two years ago, on December 26, 1954, the New York Times published a long letter from Chakravarty Rajagopalachari, Governor-General of India 1948-50, former Prime Minister of Madras and close associate with Gandhi, calling for nations, especially the USA and the USSR to take independent, unilateral action to scrap their atomic weapons.

In his letter he asked: "How did we arrive at a state of things wherein cannon, tanks . . . and aerial bombing have become quite 'conventional'?"

His answer was:

"By a process of quiet, secret competition equivalent to negotiation . . . What then shall we do if negotiation is

not only useless, but positively harmful? Salvation consists in unilateral action, in not doing what is wrong because others do it and then entering into 'negotiations' about such sin. Let us not by negotiation proceed to progressive loss of the sense of disgust."

Of this great Indian statesman's letter, A. J. Muste said in Peace News (January 7, 1955): "Never, it is safe to say, has a stronger denunciation of 'negotiation,' of the kind that customarily takes place between nations as a means for dealing with the armaments problem ever been written."

Now, from his home in Madras, Chakravarty Rajagopalachari writes asking Peace News to publish this new appeal—

# TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA

I AM renewing the appeal I made during Christmas 1954 in the New York Times. And I shall do it quoting a great American.

General Douglas MacArthur asked in a speech on January 20, 1955, at Los Angeles: "Must we live for generations under the killing punishment of accelerating preparedness for war?"

General MacArthur was discussing a "possibility that would mark the greatest advance in civilization since the Sermon on the Mount." The present tensions, he said, were kept alive by "two great illusions."

He used this term to denote the belief on the one hand of America and of the Soviet on the other, that sooner or later its adversary intends to strike.

"Both are wrong" the conqueror of Japan declared and said that the problem was one of "who will lead?" "When will some great figure in power" he asked, "have the imagination and courage to translate the universal wish for peace into action?"

A miracle is the only solution for the cold war. When God wills that America should wield the courage for it, that miracle will happen. Divine missions are not given to two at a time, nor ever to parties with typed briefs negotiating with and suspecting one another.

UNILATERAL INITIATIVE and no other is the way to smite the illusion referred to by General MacArthur, and to do away with this wasteful monster, "this peace of balanced power."

The problem is of leadership, of a divine mission, not of negotiation. To quote the hero of Japan again: "Old methods no longer suffice. We must break out of the strait jacket of the past. There must always be one to lead, and we should be that one."

"Why don't you address this appeal to Russia also?" ask adherents to the principle of parity. Jesus has answered the question 19 centuries ago. You do not cast pearls everywhere and surely there is no meaning in asking two hostile parties to take "unilateral" action. I can make my appeal only to the one I have faith in, and who has more than once shown capacity for such moral leadership.



C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

To the editor of the Catholic Herald the Communist threat in the Middle East was sufficient justification for Anglo-French intervention.

While not wanting the UN destroyed, he would have the anti-Communist peoples in the world hold together and act, if necessary, in defiance of the present UN, but he would also have the Western world examine its conscience to see how far its ideals are defended for moral rather than for imperialistic and economic reasons.

"It is essential," he concludes, "in dealing with under-developed and ex-colonial territories to create genuine partnership and not camouflaged domination."

Although the Church of England newspaper published an article headed "Eden was right," its diplomatic correspondent recognised the shock which British action had caused, and said that "The British have an almost unparalleled capacity for persuading themselves that events which have turned out to their own advantage are morally right."

He also categorically stated that the Prime Minister had made statements which could not possibly be true, and concluded "It is not suggested that some good may not come out of the adventure, although there will be evil consequences too. What Britain cannot afford is a general conviction throughout the world that its word cannot be trusted."

## A FEARLESS CHURCH

ON the whole it has been left to the British Weekly (in addition to publishing the full text of Donald Soper's sermons on "The World can live in Peace if . . .") including the full text of the sermon he preached before leading his congregation out on the protest march on November 4)

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through its commentators to print the most scornful appraisal of British policy.

Shaun Herron, the editor, wrote of "Sir Anthony Eden's private war," accused him of dragging our name down to a contemptible level, and suggested that he would go down to history as a man who opened the road back into liberated Hungary for the tyranny from which its people had freed themselves.

Asking "What did we say on Armistice Sunday?" Perry Jones suggested that the worship of the God of Peace sometimes degenerated into a flagday for a British tribal deity.

"Happy is that nation which possesses a Church fearless in its judgement and moral leadership—a Church prepared, that is, to divide the nation . . ."

"Dare we denounce aggressive war as an instrument of British policy, take the lead in a positive war on want, or shall we calculate the cost in British oil? Moderators and Archbishops, if there is not such a word then is your preaching in vain."

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## Hungary

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# Letters to the Editor

## Hungary

I HAVE been perturbed for some time over the reactions of many folk in Britain, both inside and outside the pacifist movement, to events in Hungary.

Most folk seem too ready to leap to hasty conclusions on what appears to be insufficient or unreliable evidence. When I first heard of the women's demonstrations in Budapest it was over the radio. The report in the news bulletin said thousands of women had marched to the city memorial to the Unknown Soldier despite opposition from Russian troops, and that there had been incidents in which shots had been fired and a woman wounded. Nothing more: nothing less.

Next day I read a long British United Press report. In this only two incidents between the women and the Russians are reported. The first was one in which women prevented a girl from being arrested—after she had spit in the face of a Russian soldier.

The second was the one in which the woman was hurt (shot in the leg, apparently accidentally) after several women had attacked a Russian general. Both incidents thus appear to have been due to acts of violence by the demonstrators and not due to cold-blooded barbarity on the part of the Soviet troops. The latter interpretation would be the natural one to put on the events in the distorted manner in which they have been reported in the Daily Telegraph, for example.

My second concern is with the elements in the pacifist movement who are assuming that anything like true non-violence is taking place in Hungary. The root of right "soul-force" is the attitude of the practitioner of it, to the "enemy."

The non-violent actor is striving, not for the breaking of his opponent, but for his

redemption. And we should be quite clear that most of the actions of the Hungarian resistance do not come under that head. At present it appears to be directed, not to converting Kadar or the Russians, but to smashing them.

We have no Christian grounds to imagine that a man can be redeemed by spitting in his face, and we shall do well not to place our trust in houses built on sand.

FRED S. MOORHOUSE.

121 Aslett Street, London, S.W.18.

## Greetings from Mauritius

PLEASE renew my subscription to Peace News, air express edition.

I really appreciate your newspaper which keeps me au courant de world developments. The big distance which separates my island from England prevents up-to-date and accurate information.

I, myself, am very proud of my Peace News. I recently had some discussion about the Suez Canal with friends at my club. When I showed them a copy of Peace News they were very pleased to read it.

My friends are always asking me to pass my copy on. I think they are attracted by the accurate and unbiased articles published in your paper.

I send you my heartfelt thanks for the very kind support you have given me in publishing articles on Mauritius... like all other colonies little known in England.

Thanks to your paper the public is aware of some of our problems and troubles.

a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and a lot of success to Peace News.

M.J.D.

Port Louis, Mauritius.

## CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD CONTEST

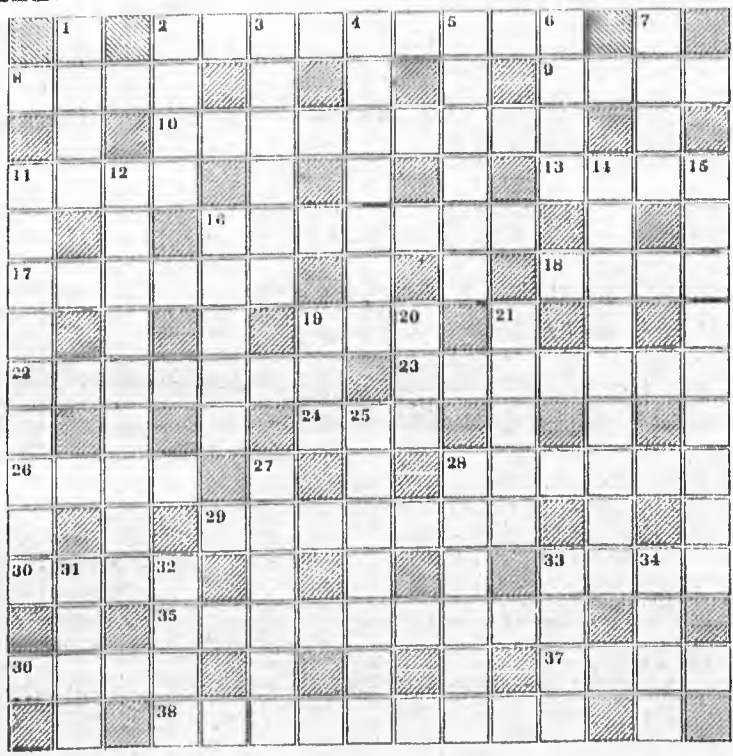
Compiled by  
D. F. EDWARDS

### ACROSS

- New escape to a worthy paper (5, 4).
- Violet has not got "it" but retains a great virtue (4).
- Regard with malevolent covetousness (4).
- "Pepsi-Cola" could be ruled by bishops (9).
- Hire an offspring (4).
- Sensitised celluloid (4).
- Proposition proved by reasoning (7).
- Little dog favourite as a "Yes-man" (6).
- Responsibility (4).
- Recompense for services (3).
- One blue makes a black fountain-pen (7).
- The natural, bare-headed way to show no bias (7).
- Bundle of notes (3).
- Cameo (4).
- Allow (6).
- Each in scarlet extended (7).
- Islandic tale (4).
- Lyot (4).
- Can you resist its charms? (9).
- Excluded from Paradise (4).
- Notion (4).
- What father does with paper-chains (9).

### DOWN

- Ornithological symbol of peace (4).
- Nobleman (4).
- Get down what a match produces (6).
- One selects no act to surround (7).
- Observed (6).
- Uniform colour (4).
- Where Surrey's ground is not quite round (4).
- Family's Summer pick, perhaps (3, 6).
- Little devil wandering but getting better (9).
- Amusing or knowing nothing (9).
- Some title under which to start a romance (9).
- Lukewarm (5).
- Not many (3).
- Conclusion (3).
- Fends me broken and melted (5).
- Plaintiff (7).
- Does Mr. C tie up with a Continental system (6).
- Pelt me round the shop-window (6).
- Mime ten in the corner (4).
- A Scotland Yard drop is sour (4).
- Goddess exists twice (4).
- Right of retention in line (4).



Fill in the coupon, and post your entry, with a 6d. stamp, to "Competition," Peace News, 3 Blackstock Road, N.4, to arrive not later than February 1. A 10s. 6d. book token will be awarded to the first correct entry opened.

Name.....

Address.....

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## The flying saucerers

FROM PAGE THREE

TV Announcer:

Young Martie and the thing called Arthur Are being chased by our Aunt Martha, And half the staff of Radio Mars Are after them in high-power cars. We wanna story and you bet A story's what we're gonna get.

Mrs. Martian recovers, as Mr. M. switches off the television.

Mrs. Martian:

Where am I? What's it all about?

Mr. Martian:

Why you're on Mars, there's little doubt; And Martie, too, they say, is here—I gotta hunch he'll soon appear.

Knocking at the door, Mr. M. crosses to open it.

Martie (outside):

It's me Pop? What's wrong with Mom?

Mr. Martian:

Now where did you get that thing from?

Martie enters with Arthur (Plate 2), who wears space-suit with oxygen mask.

Martie:

That thing? Why that's my buddie Artie.

Mr. Martian:

Martie, you're nuts!

Mrs. Martian:

Yeah, nuts is Martie

What is this odd, un-Martian party?

More knocking. Martie goes to the door, returning with Aunt Martha.

Aunt Martha:

Now look who's here! A human person! Martie, you might have found a worse 'un! I am Aunt Martha Martian, famous Even to every ignoramus; We've brought the outfit in the cars— Were gonna tell this cock-eyed Mars Just all about you and your pal— And if you'd like to talk, you shall!

Cameras and Technicians enter.

Martie:

Guess I had better say, Aunt Martha, His moniker is really Arthur He's a great guy—we call him Artie.

Aunt Martha:

OK. Then let's get cracking, Martie

Cameras, etc., move into position.

Mr. Martian:

Are we in this, or jest spectators?

Aunt Martha:

You're parents—that's inferior status; You can be seen, but you beware Of speaking, see? So don't you dare!

Technician:

All set. There's nothin' holdin' us!

Mrs. Martian:

This Arthur thing—he might be wuss.

Aunt Martha:

We're off! Pipe down, now, Mrs. M. Martie, come here and talk to THEM.

Martie (moving towards camera):

Well, guess there isn't much to say. We went to Earth. I learnt to play A game called cricket, which I'll teach: Say, do I have to make a speech?

Aunt Martha:

He don't say much, our modest Martie, But here's his pal, the Human Artie. Now tell me, Artie, now you're here, I figure you must find it queer.

Arthur (taking Martie's place):

Oh, well, of course, it's rather fun To be the first and only one To come from Earth and land on Mars And live up here among the stars! I'd like to stay, if I can stick it, And I should love to teach you cricket!

Aunt Martha:

Well, now you've heard a human child: He's civilised and clean and mild. Before we send him to his Pop I calculate he'd like to stop At least a week. We'll sign him up— Bunk never sells the kids a pup. Bunk must be used without restriction Bunk for all facts and science fiction Bunk in the home, in comic strips, Bunk fixes all the saucer trips! We serve the public—never shrunk! You owe this programme all to Bunk!

(CURTAIN)

## ALICE IN NEWSPAPER-LAND

"Oh, I do wish you would go a little slower," panted Alice, "it's such a long way from Fleet Street to Blackstock Road."

She had no sooner said this than the White Rabbit pushed open a door she had not noticed by the side of a stationer's shop. She found herself in a small dark place with great packages against the wall and a long steep staircase before her.

"I am so glad Dinah is not here," said Alice, "she would never go up all these stairs."

When they got to the top the White Rabbit opened another door and Alice heard cries of "No room, no room."

"I do think they might be more polite," she said. But she found that there was no room and that everyone in the small crowded place was busy writing, typing, packing parcels, answering telephones.

"I am so tired," Alice sighed, "there is nowhere to sit. I wish we had stayed in Fleet Street. It was much nicer there than here."

"That's a sign of the times," said the White Rabbit.

Alice did not understand what he meant. "What are they all doing?" she asked, as she looked round at the busy tightly packed crowd.

"Newspaper," said the White Rabbit.

"Why don't they take it to Fleet Street with the other newspapers?" asked Alice.

"War," said the White Rabbit.

"But they were talking about war in Fleet Street too. They don't want war there either," said Alice impatiently.

The White Rabbit was silent for a moment, and then he said, "Here they say 'Get rid of war by having nothing to do with it.' In Fleet Street they say 'Get rid of war by getting ready for it.'"

"Cautious and cautious," said Alice.

WINIFRED GREENFIELD

## Welsh radical FROM PAGE EIGHT

the owners, lectured in economics in the villages and became a County Councillor.

The tragedy of the rift between the old religion and the new social-reformism is the constant undercurrent in the story.

The other tragedy, the uprooting of the author, the decline of a Welshman into a Britisher, is, unfortunately, not diagnosed. The incorrect spelling of the few Welsh words which are reproduced in the text symbolises the loss of roots.

The radicals of the valley would have been more radical if they had respected their national heritage, and had read their Bibles with a fraction of the intelligence they expended on Rationalist Press Association tracts.

But Wil Jon fought according to his lights, and it is good for a fairly comfortable generation to know how tough the struggle was.

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TERMS: Cash with order, 3d. per word, minimum 2s. 6d. (500 words). Please don't send stamps in payment, except for odd pence. Maximum length 60 words. Address for Box No. replies: Peace News, 3 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

LATEST TIME for copy: Monday morning before publication.

PLEASE NOTE: Advertisements for the issue of December 28 must be received not later than Friday, December 21. Whilst the policy of Peace News is not to restrict any concern of individual firms advertising in these columns, it must be noted that we do not necessarily share the views nor the opinions of all our advertisers.

FOR CHRISTMAS PART. Everyone welcomed. Saturday, December 29, 4 p.m. Congregational Hall, 245a High Rd., Chiswick. All-party fare. Carols, 1s. 6d. Stanley Dyke, 48 Barnfield Rd., W.5.

IF YOU ARE interested in Peace, come and hear the message of Aetherius who speaks again from Venus. His vital message to you. Caxton Hall, London, tomorrow, Saturday, December 15. Reservations 'phone Renewal 4187.

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LITERATURE. QUAKERISM. Information and literature respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends, free on application to the Friends' Home Service Committee, Friends' House, Euston Rd., London.

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## DIARY

At this is a free service, we reserve the right to select for publication notices sent in. We nevertheless desire to make it as complete a service as we reasonably can, and therefore urge organisers of events to:

1. Send notices to arrive not later than Monday morning.
2. Include: Date, TOWN, Time, Place (hall, street), nature of event; speakers, organisers (and secretary's address)

### Friday, December 14

MANCHESTER: 7.30 p.m.; Friends Mtg. Ho., Mount St. (Nr. Central Library). Dr. Hugh I. Schofield, "Commonwealth of World Citizens." Commonwealth of World Citizens (N.W. Group).

### Saturday, December 15

MANCHESTER: Poster parade. Starting Friends Mtg. Ho., Mount St., 2.30 p.m. All pacifists welcome. Offers of help to L. Cowan, 59 Cecil Road, Altrincham, PPU.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: 11.7.15 p.m.; Central Methodist Ch. Hall (entrance in Ridley Pl.). "Any Questions?" Team: Rev. Robert A. Kirtley (Methodist), Missionary to West Africa, 1917-53; W. Grigor McElduff (Quaker traveller to Communist China and Russia); B. P. Rau, M.Sc. (South India); Rev. Eric L. Robinson (Methodist Missionary to South India and Ceylon, 1937-53).

### Sunday, December 16

LONDON: W.I. 3.30 p.m.; Kings Weigh Ho., Bincry St. (Nr. Bond St. Sta.). Discussion, Arlo Tatum, "Religious Agnosticism." Religion Commission, PPU.

### Wednesday, December 19

KIDDERLEY: 8.30 p.m.; 141 Woolcombe Rd., Play, "Trio for Two." Fellowship Party.

### Wednesday, December 26

KIDDERLEY: No Fellowship Party owing to festivities. Next mtg. Jan. 2.

### Saturday, January 5

BIRMINGHAM: 11 p.m.; "The Beehive", Bishopsgate St. (off Broad St.). Christmas Party. Folk dancing, sketches, etc. West Midlands Area, PPU.

## Every week!

### SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

LONDON: Weekend Workshops, cleaning and redecorating the homes of old-age pensioners. 1.15 p.m., 19 Penbridge Villas, W.11.

### SUNDAYS

HYDE PARK: 4 p.m.; Pacifist Youth Action Group, Every Sunday. PYAG.

### MONDAYS

SHIPLEY: 7.15 p.m.; Shipley Group in new premises in Labour Party Rooms, Westgate, Shipley.

### TUESDAYS

MANCHESTER: 1-2 p.m.; Deansgate Blitz Site, Christian pacifist open-air mtg. Local Methodist ministers and others, MPP.

### WEDNESDAYS

KIDDERLEY: 8 p.m.; 141 Woolcombe Rd. Discussion, music, radio, etc.

### THURSDAYS

LEVINGTON: 8 p.m.; Friends Mtg. Ho., 100 Road, B.10 and B.11 Group, PPU.

LONDON: W.C.1: 1.15-1.45 p.m.; Church of St. George the Martyr, Queen St. Weekly lunch-hour Service of Intercession for World Peace. Conducted by Clergy and laymen of various denominations.

LONDON: W.C.1: 7.30 p.m.; Dick Shepherd Ho., 6 Lindleigh St. Mtg. on Dec. 20; further mtg. until Jan. 19. PYAG.

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# 140 threatened with death in South Africa

**CHIEF ALBERT LUTHULI**, much loved and respected leader of the African National Congress and a member of the South African branch of the Fellowship of Reconciliation is among over 140 people arrested last week in South Africa on a charge of treason, the penalty for which is death.

Others arrested include Professor Z. K. Mathews, principal of the University College of Fort Hare, Dr. A. B. Zuma, former President of the African National Congress, the Rev. D. C. Thompson, Methodist Superintendent, and Mr. L. B. Lee Warden.

"There is an ominous ring about the way in which the arrests were carried out," says the Conservative British newspaper, Daily Telegraph.

"It appears that men and women have been seized at dawn, flown some hundreds of miles by military aircraft and have now been imprisoned in the Johannesburg Fort.

"They have little hope of bail.

"They have before them the prospect of a mass trial unprecedented in South African history, with its inevitable long delays, legal complications and political repercussions."

It is significant that those arrested include members of the influential 14-man committee which last October drafted a resolution opposing the Tontinon Report with its 40-year plan for regrouping the Black and White population of South Africa.

The resolution was endorsed by a conference of 394 South African leaders. This conference, and the subsequent arrests will be the subject of a longer report in Peace News next week.

## PACIFISTS AND HUNGARY

**CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS** who are working with the Friends Ambulance Unit during their two year conscription period, are working in Austria, helping the Hungarian refugees.

They are a team of five, all under 21 years of age, and all trained in first aid. They are headed by 28-year-old Pat Oakley, and Keith Tyler.

Their work has been to drive a 5-ton bus from London to Vienna, carrying mattresses and other equipment.

The crew will stay in Austria to help at the big refugee camp at Traiskirchen.

The Non-violent Resistance Group is meeting in London this week to discuss the possibility of the distribution of leaflets in Hungarian and Russian supporting the use of passive resistance wherever this method is being used in Hungary.

Group members and sympathisers are raising money to send a small group of people to the Hungarian frontier to distribute the message.

## OPINIONS BUT NO ACTION, SAYS RECTOR

**THE Rev. J. L. Head**, Rector of St. Clements Church, Leigh, Essex, in a reply to the signatories of a protest letter sent to him by nine Church of England clergymen, has denied that Father S. Hinkes, curate of St. Clements, was dismissed for preaching a sermon which condemned Britain's part in an "unjust war."

Extracts from Father Hinkes' sermon were printed in Peace News, November 30.

Mr. Head has written, "Mr. Hinkes was merely changed from preaching at the Remembrance Service on Remembrance Day because it was felt the way he expressed his convictions might cause distress, especially to some members who might have relations in Suez."

Mr. Head's attitude to the sermon which condemned Britain for waging war with Egypt is seen by his comment, "Further, I venture to say that whatever opinion may be held about the Government's action in Suez, it ought not to be expressed in the pulpit in terms of condoning a general strike or suggesting that reservists and others should not fight."

"In addition to this, he insisted on praying at the daily eucharist for 'victory for Egypt' or for 'defeat for Britain and France' and 'the overthrow of the Government.'"

"Whatever opinion, however Left, may be held, I venture to say that the clergy who signed your letter would not use these terms at the Holy Communion Service. . . . Many previous sermons have contained attacks on our leaders of Church and State, which have caused distress. It was only on account of all these things that I told Mr. Hinkes on these things that I told Mr. Hinkes that I should not use his services."



"Well, if you won't listen to me, doesn't the Government's appeal not to use oil move you?"

## Tribunal rejects CO applications

By MAVIS JAMES

**MOST** of the applicants at the Tribunal for Conscientious Objectors sitting at Fulham, London, on Nov. 30 were refused exemption from military service on the grounds that they either had insufficient knowledge of the subject, or that they were unable to substantiate the grounds of their conscientious objection.

Only one applicant, Michael James Browett of Pinner, was granted conditional exemption.

The Tribunal, which should sit with an uneven number of members, in order that, if there be any division, one member may throw the casting vote on the decision, was one member short on November 30, and there was some dispute in several instances, when the Chairman required decisions from his fellow-members.

Whilst the Tribunal appeared to dither considerably over most of the decisions, it was

also apparent that several of the applicants were objecting to military service simply because they felt that war was wrong.

This argument they were unable to carry any further. They had not discussed the subject with people who did not share their view, neither had they read literature which made them competent to weigh the pros and cons.

The humanitarians among the rejected applicants could produce no evidence of their humanitarian ideals. One applicant thought it was sufficient to object to military service. This, said the Chairman, was a negative action.

Only Mr. Tudor-Davies, the Trade Union member of the Tribunal brought forth the crux of the matter. When one 18-year-old applicant failed to follow the reasoning given by Sir Gerald Hargreaves, Chairman, Mr. Tudor-Davies commented quietly, "He is very young."

Humour relaxed the waiting applicants, when, perhaps inadvertently, Sir Gerald Hargreaves, hearing Terence Marshall of Finsbury Park say that self-defence was the law of the jungle, said, "Warfare is the one thing that distinguished human beings from animals, as animals did not make war."

# THE HUMAN FAMILY

On this Human Rights Day it is for each of us to recognise anew that we are brothers in our Father's house, and that each is truly his brother's keeper.

—President Eisenhower, December 9, 1956.

**ON** December 10, 1948, the General Assembly of the United Nations adopted and proclaimed the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. On the eighth anniversary of this occasion President Eisenhower has seized the opportunity to issue a statement based upon the Declaration, indicting the Soviet Union for their brutal attack upon Hungary.

No one could possibly question that the recent violent suppression in Hungary is a denial of the human right of "life, liberty and security of person." (Article 3.) But war is also a denial of that article of belief.

There is, perhaps, no other tyranny that so completely violates the right of the individual to his life, his freedom and his security as the tyranny of war.

★

The Russian oppression in Hungary does, undoubtedly, deny the principle that no one shall be subjected "to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment." (Article 5.) But the violation of this principle is not peculiar to Russia.

It was the USA, thinly disguised as a United Nations force, which used napalm and flame-throwing weapons with ruthless brutality against the North Koreans.

The deportation of Hungarian nationals is a terrible denial of the principle that "no one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile" (Article 9), but it is not only in Hungary that human beings are treated in a manner that is in direct contradiction of this Article.

In Kenya alone there are some 40,000 people detained without trial; in Cyprus the leader of its peoples is in forced exile, and new laws make it possible for the police to exercise

powers that are uncomfortably similar to those of the totalitarian Secret Police.

On the evidence in Cyprus alone it is clear that the denial of Article 21, which states that the "will of the people shall be the basis of the authority of government" is not exclusive to the Soviet Union.

This is not in anyway to excuse or condone the ruthless use of force in Hungary, nor to equate it in absolute terms with other forms of ruthlessness in other places by other Governments. But whatever the difference in degree, the underlying basic principle of the human right to live and be free is violated, not only in Hungary but continuously, by all nations who employ the method of war as an integral part of national sovereignty.

If we are "brothers in our Father's house"; if all the nations of Christendom recognise this, then it should be impossible to force upon members of the human family an obligation to kill each other. That war does exactly this is irrefutable, yet the United States President does not call upon the nations to abandon this tyranny.

If each man is truly his "brother's keeper," then by what right do Governments conscript men to kill other conscripted men? It is certainly a curious way in which to exercise brotherly love and care, and one which bears the mark of Cain, who denied the necessity to be his brother's keeper.

★

There are some very fine words in the Declaration of Human Rights: words which recognise "the inherent dignity, the equality and unalienable rights of all members of the human family," but words are not enough.

Pious observations about the sins of others are bitterly out of place in a world where, by the acceptance of H-bombs, atomic rockets, and nuclear warfare, the human race is itself denying its basic human right to live and to be free.

At this time of year, when Christians remember the family at Bethlehem, imagination brings colour and warmth to the whole idea of the united family circle. Every Christmas this happens; the truth is shut out, and the fiction is stabilised.

If the human family is to survive, words must be replaced by deeds; we must in fact become our "brothers' keeper," facing the fact that the Brotherhood of Man means that men and women, whether black or red or yellow or white, must "stand up together, without side glances, in the service of the world." Only then will the human race be freed from the tyranny of war.

## PPU RELIGION COMMISSION

Pacifist Universalist Service

3.30 p.m. Sunday Dec. 16, 1956

King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1.

(Near Bond St. Tube)

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Extends sincere greetings to PEACE NEWS and to all everywhere in the world who share a common hope for the oneness of humanity in brotherhood and peace.

We invite any who come to the States during the summer of 1957 to visit us at our lake-forest-mountain World Fellowship Centre in New Hampshire.

66, Edgewood Avenue, New Haven 11, Conn, U.S.A.